Frontispiece to Vol. 21.

First Volume of the Improved Work.

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The Warrener.

Pub. April 1 1803, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

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First of the Improved Work.

THE Sporting Magazine

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR,

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF

THE TURF, THE CHACE,

And every other Diversion

Interesting to the

Man of Pleasure Enterprize & Spi

VOL. 21.

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London.

Printed for J. Wheble, 18, Warwick Square.

1805.

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MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR OCTOBER, 1802,

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[Embellished with a highly-finished ENGRAVING by Mr. BOND, from a Picture by Mr. MARSHALL, of Mr. RICHARD KNIGHT, late Huntsman to Earl Spencer.—And a spirited ETCHING of a HORSE FALLING FROM A PRECIPICE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS.

And Sold by J. WHEBLE, No. 18, Warwick-Square, near St. Paul's; C. CHAPPLE, No. 66, Pall-Mall, opposite St. James's Palace; J. BOOTH, Duke-Street, Portland Place; JOHN HILTON, at Newmarket; and by every Bookseller and Stationer in Great Britain and Ireland.

W. M'Dowall, Printer, Pemberton Row, Gough Square.

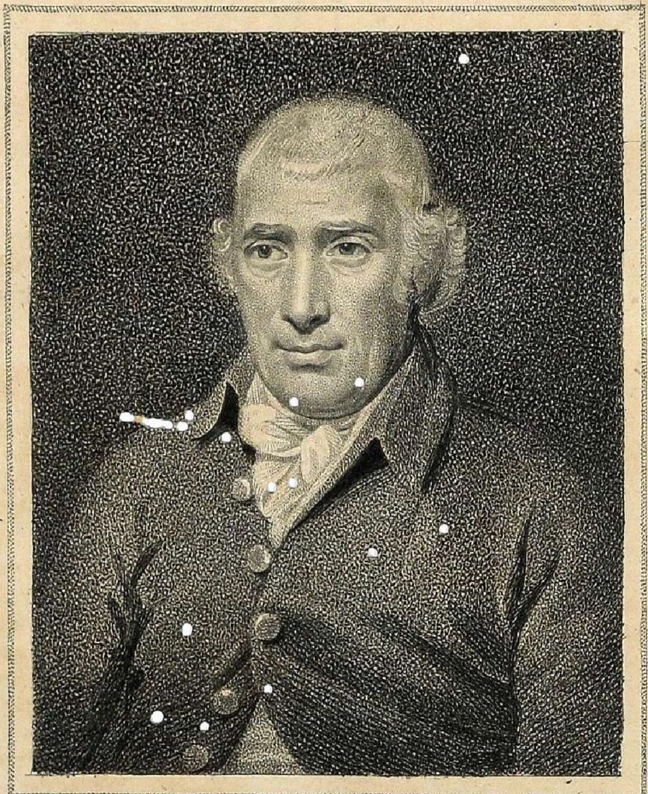
TO CORRESPONDENTS AND READERS.

A Correspondent who we hold in no slight degree of estimation, has attempted a kind of satirical description of a day's sport with Mr. Chapman's Harriers on Wimbledon Common; but, as few packs are better hunted than Mr. Chapman's, the ridicule will apply as much to the Prince of Wales's, or any other Harriers in the Kingdom, as to Mr. C's: our Correspondent must therefore excuse the publication of his letter. Putney being *near* London, and only, perhaps, because it is *near London,* it caught the Idea of our Correspondent, to adopt a subject similar to the idle inventions in the public Papers concerning *Cockney Sportmen*; things that would have done very well thirty years ago, but for which nothing occurs to warrant at the present day. The improved manners of the people; the restriction of the Laws; and above all, the expence of a Certificate; have rendered the subject not only imaginary, but threadbare.

The above Observations will apply to another Correspondent, (R: B.) who has made COCKNEY SHOOTING the subject of his letter.

Our Correspondent at Inverness will perceive we have availed ourselves of his favour.

Cricket Matches being so numerous, and occupying so much room, we have not been able to follow them up in order, and at *full:* these things will be managed better next season. Those past that have not been given, shall be collected in the best manner in our power, and appear in brief in the next Magazine.



Painted by B. Marshall. *Engd. by W. Bond.*

Mr. Richard Knight,

HUNTSMAN.

Pub. Nov. 1. 1802, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square, London

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR OCTOBER, 1802.

MR. RICHARD KNIGHT,

Late Huntsman to Earl Spencer, with a beautiful Engraving of his Portrait, by Mr. Bond, from an original Picture painted by Mr. Marshall.

ALTHOUGH an unexpected disappointment prevents our giving some account of this celebrated Huntsman, in the present Month's Magazine, our readers may be assured of its appearance in the next.

Having mentioned Earl Spencer, as his late master, we take permission to *throw off* a little, in order to fill up the space intended for the particulars of Mr. Knight's celebrity, unavoidably delayed till next month; and that, by remarking, that his Lordship has been the patron, not only of Mr. Knight, but of some of the first *huntsmen* in the kingdom. Indeed, the superiority of his judgment, when at the head of a great *hunting* establishment, has rendered his name immortal. It was Earl Spencer, who, with a certain degree of perspicuity and penetration, that first employed that unrivalled *Huntsman*, Horace Nelson; who discovered how admirably adapted he was for a *long chase*, and how invariably and invincibly determined he was, at all times, to be *in at the death*.

When Horace *took the Field and threw off*, the well trained *Pack* were so exact, and so perfect in *discipline*, that not a hound gave *challenge* upon *drag*, 'till they were sure to run up to *their Game* and bring it *to view*. Upon breaking covert, he was always at the *head* of the *Hounds*, to prevent even a *chance* of their being *at Fault*; and would sooner hazard *his Life* at the most *dangerous Leaps*, than suffer the disgrace of the Pack's *being beat*. He had formerly been *Whipper-In* to that famous old *Sportsman* JOHN JERVIS, and from him, with his own native courage, caught the spirit of looking *danger in the Face*. No *weather*, however *dreadful*, prevented his taking the Field, or continuing the *Chace*. When the *Game* was *a foot* his Pack was remarkable for their *speed*, and were never known *to tire*: of which they gave ample proof in a *tedious drag* with a light, fluctuating, and uncertain *scent*; 'till the *leading Hound*, beginning *to feather*, at the entrance of the Nile, *a challenge* ensued. The exhilirating sound rallied the *pack to a point*. They entered the *Aboukir*

Copse, when the GAME was *unkennelled*; and, after a few *short* and *shifting* turns in *Covert*, brought *to view:* when one of the most *desperate chases* took place, ever recorded in the *annals* of *Sporting*. NELSON, and the WHIPPERS-IN, took every thing *in stroke*; the pack, with the most unprecedented courage, *lay side by side*, and might have been covered *with a sheet*; the *scent lay well*, and they continued running *breast high* without *a check*, (except once for a few minutes) for *near eight hours*, when nature being quite exhausted, the HOUNDS, exulting, ran into *their Game*; and NELSON, the gallant Nelson, secured *the Brush*; after sustaining more difficulties than ever were known upon any former occasion. Lord Spencer has likewise had the good fortune of selecting many other CELEBRATED HUNTSMEN, who have done equal honour to the distinct and separate PACKS they had the happiness to lead. Witness the Duncans, the Keiths, the Warrens, &c. &c. who never *drew bit* until up to their Game, and were IN AT THE DEATH.

While on this subject, it may not be inapplicable to mention, that a young fellow, who was formerly in the *hunting Stables* of Old Digby, and is thought would have made an excellent *huntsman*, has lain out of place for more than *ten years*. The lad has *great* relations, and a good character; but could never get a *situation*. He happened once, at a meeting of *first rate* Sportsmen, to give his opinion against the majority, for *taking the field*, in ANOTHER COUNTRY, and told them freely, that they *knew no more than the man in the moon*, what they were about. This so exasperated the mighty *Nimrod* of the day, that he has been kept out of place ever since. The young man, however, as well as Nimrod himself, has lately turned *Farmer*.

HARRIERS.

THE PRINCE'S HARRIERS.

THE Prince of Wales's harriers now add to the Brighton amusements; they throw off on Mondays at Portslade; Wednesdays, at Patcham Windmill; and Fridays, on the Race-hill. The Subscribtion Pack, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays; but from what places is not yet mentioned.

A Day's Sport at Brighton.

WEDNESDAY the 20th Instant, the Prince of Wales, with a numerous party of dashing sportsmen, took the diversion of hare-hunting in the neighbourhood of Brighton. Two brace of hares were killed in the course of the morning; the first hare was killed before the Prince arrived. His Royal Highness, after a severe run, was in at the death of the second; and, in this chase, his horse outstripped the field. The Prince joined in the two succeeding runs, which afforded excellent sport. His Royal Highness retired from the field about three o'clock; and, with various of the Nobility, paraded the Steyne before dinner.

PUTNEY HARRIERS.

THE Putney Hounds, Mr. Chapman's, have taken the field, now the wet weather has set in; they have had some good runs. They throw off every Wednesday morning, about nine o'clock, at Twickenham; on Mondays and Fridays, at the same hour, at Putney, or Wimbledon.

PORTSEA HARRIERS.

Portsmouth, Oct. 16—This morning Mr. Pittis's pack of Harriers threw off in the Island of Portsea, the first time this season, before upwards of twenty Horsemen; they found one Hare, which, after an excellent run, was killed. The Hounds will go out twice a week during the season.

THE

THE NEW FALSTAFF.

SHAKSPEARE's Historical play of Henry IV. being introduduced at Drury Lane, on Thursday evening the 5th inst. *a very great man*, Mr. Stephen Kemble, from the Edinburgh Theatre, came forth in the character of *Falstaff*. Allowing for the difficulties of a first appearance, he performed the character with much ability, and was well received.

Before the curtain drew up, Mr. Bannister came forward, and delivered the following address, written by Mr. S. Kemble himself, which was received with bursts of applause.

A *Falstaff* here to-night, by Nature made,
Lends to your favourite Bard, his *pond'rous* aid.
No man of buckram he! no stuffing gear!
No feather-bed—nor e'en a pillow-bier!
But all good honest flesh, and blood, and bone,
And weighing, more or less, some *thirty-stone*.
Upon the Northern coast, by chance we caught him,
And hither, in a *broad-wheel'd waggon*, brought him.
For in a chaise the varlet ne'er could enter,
And no mail-coach on such a fare would venture.
Blest with unwieldiness—at least his *size!*
Will favour find in every critic's eyes.
And, should his humour, and his mimic art,
Bear due proportion *to his outward part*—
As once 'twas said of *Macklin*, in the *Jew*,
This is the very Falstaff, Shakspeare drew—
To you, with diffidence, he bids me say,
Should you approve, you may command his stay,
To lie, and swagger here, another day.
If not—to better men he'll leave his sack,
And go, as ballast, in a collier, back.

The play commenced afterwards under very favourable auspices. Mr. K. certainly, without any *stuffing*, according to the theatrical phrase, *looks* the character he assumes, exactly; and we are truly happy to find, that every subsequent appearance of his, has brought an overflowing house at Old Drury. Indeed so much so, that he has been prevailed on to remain longer in town than he intended; and has since played the character of Falstaff, in the Merry Wives of Windsor.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS
On the Veterinary Art, &c. &c.

A NEW edition, (the second) of a *Philosophical and Practical Treatise on Horses; and on the Moral Duties of Man towards the Brute Creation*. By John Lawrence, 2 vols. 8vo.

We shall have to speak of this new edition [illegible]ture Magazine; and therefore now only mention the publication.

A Treatise on the Diseases of Horses: in which the Causes and Symptoms, are plainly and accurately delineated; a method of cure recommended, &c. With an Appendix containing a variety of efficacious and useful prescriptions, dedicated by permission, to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. By John Denny, Surgeon, &c.

The methods of proceeding proposed in this treatise, are justly commendable for their ease and efficacy, both in the composition and cure. In several of the Veterinary works, hitherto published, there has been a great want of accuracy in the distinction of diseases, by their appropriate symptoms or signs, an essential point, in which Mr. Denny has excelled many of his predecessors.

Veterinary Pathology: or a Treatise on the Cause and Progress of the Diseases of the Horse; together with the most approved methods of prevention, and cure. By William

liam Ryding, Veterinary Surgeon to the 18th Light Dragoons.

This work appears to contain a considerable portion of interesting matter, combined with a brevity which renders the author's precepts remarkably pleasant to the memory; and which, notwithstanding a few blemishes of style, will communicate considerable information to the reader.

The Anatomy and Physiology of the Horse's Foot, concisely described; with practical Observations on Shoeing: together with the Symptoms of, and most approved Remedies for, the Diseases of Horses. With fourteen Illustrative Plates. Dedicated by permission to the President, Committee, and Members of the Commercial Travellers' Society. By James White, Veterinary Surgeon to his Majesty's first or Royal Dragoons. 18mo. 4s. Boards. Badcock. 1801.

A Compendium of the Veterinary Art: containing an accurate Description of all the Diseases to which the Horse is liable; their Symptoms and Treatment; the Anatomy and Physiology of the Horses's Feeding and Exercise; the Stable, &c. Illustrated by Plates. Dedicated, by Permission, to His Royal Highness the Duke of York. By James White. 12mo. 6s. boards. Badcock. 1802.

The latter is a second edition of the former work*, greatly enlarged by the addition of remarks on the less important diseases. In fact, Mr. White's first object was the anatomy and physiology of the horse's foot, which is illustrated by plates, some of which are coloured; and the observations on the most important diseases, in the first edition, were apparently afterwards added. He has added also in the second an anatomical description of the internal parts of the body: the descriptions are more minute, the formulæ more numerous, and judicious remarks on the management of the stable, are subjoined. The most important additions, however, are those relating to external inflammations.

Astley's System of Equestrian Education; exhibiting the beauties and defects of the Horse; with various and important observations on his general excellence, preserving him in Health, Grooming, &c. with plates.

The merit of this work may be admitted to have gained so much attention, as to have brought it to a third edition. If Mr. Astley does not possess the depth of some former writers on the Equestrian Science, he possesses a general knowledge of his subject, and has written in a style and manner, which are the effect of a clear conception of the Art he professes to illustrate.

An Inquiry into the Structure and Animal Œconomy of the Horse. Comprehending the Diseases to which his Limbs and Feet are subject; with proper directions for Shoeing; and pointing out a method for ascertaining his Age until his twelfth Year. To which is added, an Attempt to explain the Laws of his progressive Motion, on Mechanical and Anatomical Principles. The whole illustrated by eighteen Copper-plates. By Richard Lawrence, Veterinary Surgeon, Birmingham. 4to. 1l. 11s. 6d. Boards.

As we propose in our succeeding Numbers to examine this, and some of the other works mentioned, we shall decline all further notice of them for the present.

BERENGER'S HORSEMANSHIP.

THE revival of Horsemanship, and the improvement of the Veterinary Art in England, does not escape

* Noticed in the Sporting Magazine for June, 1801. Vol. XVIII. p. 144.

cape the notice of our neighbours upon the continent. The following account of a German Translation of Berenger's History of Horsemanship, lately published at Hamburgh, we have translated from a Foreign Literary Journal—" It is a matter of much surprize that this work has not sooner made it's appearance in the German language, especially since M. Henze, in his Catalogue of Veterinary works, has noticed it as one of the most important on the subject. Our pleasure, however, is increased, on finding the translation of it from the hands on an Equestrian so able as Mr. Frederic Heubel, one who has enriched the science of Horsemanship with so many productions of his own. M. Berenger has had recourse to the earliest periods; and carefully collected every thing relating to the object of his inquiry, from the Sacred Writings, from Homer, and other authors of the earliest ages. He also inquires whether the Horse was first used for riding or drawing; treats of the invention of the saddle, bridle, and stirrup; and next of the countries, most celebrated for the breed of Horses; of Racing; of Horsemanship among the Romans; of the feed of Horses; of the colours which are most admired; and of the Arabian, Asiatic, African, American, and European Horses. Very copious also, is his information upon the English Horses, and the laws concerning them—Lastly he treats of the hoof."

LADY EDWARD BENTINCK.

WE are happy in stating, that Lady Edward Bentinck is as well as her friends could wish her after the late accident she met with. The following account may be depended on as more authentic than any which has yet appeared.—Lady Edward Bentinck was lately riding out with a party of friends, when on descending a hill, her horse stumbled. In recovering him, he made a twist, and broke her thigh just above the knee, whilst on her saddle; she remained in that state, still keeping her seat and supported by Sir J. B. Burgess, &c. till proper assistance was procured. Although the greatest dispatch was used, nearly an hour elapsed before her Ladyship was got into a carriage. She applied and fastened the bandage herself to her thigh, and since her confinement, upwards of a fortnight, has given a decided proof of that fortitude of mind, she was always believed to possess.

MANNER OF HUNTING

BEARS, FISHING, &C. IN FINLAND;

From Acerbi's Travels through Sweden, Finland, and Lapland, lately published.

THIS is a very entertaining and laborious work; and, as a recommendation of it to our readers, they may be convinced that the author has paid the most minute attention to the customs and manners, and particularly to the diversions, of the people through whose territories he passed.

With respect to hunting the bears, he observes: the favourite weapon of the Finlander, in hunting the bear, is an iron lance fixed at the end of a pole. At about the distance of a foot from the point of the lance, is fixed a cross bar, which prevents the instrument from penetrating too far into the body of the bear, or passing through both sides. When the Finlander has discovered where the bear has taken up his winter quarters, he goes to the place, and makes a noise at the entrance of the den, by which he endeavours to irritate and provoke him to quit his strong hold. The

bear

bear hesitates, and seems unwilling to come out; but continuing to be molested by the hunter, and perhaps by the barking of his dog, he at length gets up, and rushes in fury from his cavern. The moment he sees the peasant, he rears himself upon his two hind legs, ready to tear him to pieces. The Finlander instantly brings back the iron lance close to his breast, concealing from the bear the length of the pole, in order that he may not be upon his guard, and consequently to parry with his paws the mortal blow which the hunter means to aim at his vitals. The Finlander then advances boldly towards the bear, nor does he strike the blow till they are so near each other, that the animal stretches out his paws, to tear his antagonist limb from limb. At that instant, the peasant pierces his heart with the lance, which, but for the cross bar, would come out at his shoulder; nor could he otherwise prevent the bear falling upon him, an accident which might be highly dangerous. By means of the cross bar, the animal is kept upright, and ultimately thrown upon his back; but what may seem to some very extraordinary, is, the bear, feeling himself wounded, instead of attempting with his paws to pull out the lance, holds it fast, and presses it more deeply into the wound. When the bear, after rolling upon the snow, ceases from the last struggles of death, the Finlander lays hold of him, and calls for the assistance of his friends, who drag the carcase to his hut; and this triumph terminates in a sort of festival, where the poet assists, and sings the exploits of the hunter."

"Their method of catching fish in winter is in the following manner:—A couple of openings are made in the ice, and by means of ropes and long poles, they then contrive to pass their nets from one opening to the other; the drawing out of the nets is attended with infinite labour. They have another method of fiſhing on the ice, which seemed extremely novel and curious: it is in catching fish by the stroke of a mallet or club. In autumn, when the frost begins to set in, the fisherman courses along the rivers, and when he observes a fish under the ice in shallow water, he takes a violent blow with his wooden mallet perpendicularly over the fish, so as to break the ice. The fish, stupified by the blow communicated to it by the water, in a few seconds rises quite giddy to the surface, where the man seizes it with an instrument made for the purpose.

RIGHT HON. T. CONNOLLY's

Strict Adherence to his word of Honour.

THE above gentleman, one of the first commoners in Ireland, and brother-in-law to the Duke of Richmond, some years ago, sitting alone in an apartment in his house in Dublin, a very genteel sharper having gained admittance, presented his pistols, and demanded Mr. Connolly's purse. The latter, seeing no alternative, immediately delivered it; when the thief, telling him that he had one more demand to make, which was, that he should give him his honour, neither to speak to any person, nor move from where he then sat, for *half an hour*. This Mr. C. agreeing to, the robber had not been long gone, before one of the family entered the apartment, who, upon asking a question, was justly surprized to see Mr. C. shake his head, and point to his watch; and which he continued to do to every interrogation, till the half hour was expired, when he exclaimed, "I have been robbed!" The fellow, however, had so well availed himself of the time given, that all inquiry after him was fruitless.

THE

The Musical Footman, *with* Patric Casey, *extracted from the Musical Farce of the* Sixty-Third Letters *of which notice is taken in our Magazine for August last.—No.* 119, *Vol.* XX.

ACT I.—SCENE II.

SIR WILFUL's STUDY.

Sir Wilful Positive *discovered alone at breakfast.*

I THINK I have properly secur'd my ward—I have bound her down by such promises that I may bid defiance to any secret lover—Here, Dulcet!—damn that fellow! he's worse than Casey—for ever running after some organ, or listening to a ballad-singer—I wonder my sister-in-law could recommend me such a servant, when she knew my aversion to music; but I dare say she did it on purpose to torment me.— Dulcet! *(ringing a bell.)*

Enter Dulcet, *singing* "A master I have," &c.

What is the reason I must ring for you so often?

Dul. I'm sorry for it—I'm sure, Sir, I never wish to hear you ring, it's such discord.——

Sir W. P. And confound your concord—here take away the things.

Dul. *(Approaching the table, takes up the bell and begins to sing, ringing to the tune of)* "Merry are the bells and merry do they ring."

Sir W. P. Zounds! what do you mean? put down the bell.

Dul. *(singing.)* "Merry is myself and merry will I sing."

Sir. W. P. Do you hear? put it down, and none of your damn'd music!

Dul. Damn'd music!—

Sir W. P. This is no time for your curs'd notes.

Dul. Lord, Sir, I'll beat time if you'll let me. *(hums a tune and beats time with his foot.)*

Sir W. P. Be quiet, fellow! Isn't it very hard I must be tormented every day with your abominable sounds? In the morning you begin with what you call—"Good morrow to your night cap."

Dul. "On two legs rid," &c. *(singing.)*

Sir W. P. Ouns! be quiet.—Then at night you play on the table your damn'd confounded noise of "Go to bed Tom."

Dul. Oh, Sir, every child can play that. *(playing on the table.)*

Sir W. P. Ouns! he'll break all the things—be quiet! how dare you make this noise in my ear?

Dul. Your ear! lord, Sir, you have no *ear!*—You don't know "Morgan Rattler," from "My lodging is on the cold ground."

Sir W. P. If you don't hold your tongue, and take away the things, damme I'll knock you down, and then *your* lodging will be on the cold ground.—

Dul. "And hard, very hard be my fate.—" [*Exit with breakfast things.*

Sir W. P. *(solus.)* I must part with him immediately!—he has smash'd I don't know how many china plates with playing the cymbals—all my tumblers with imitating the musical glasses, and crack'd a most beautiful tea-board with practising the tambourine.—If at the street door, he is playing with the knocker; and if I call for a knife and fork at dinner, I must wait till he has finish'd a tune with them.

Re-enter Dulcet.

Zounds! what brings you here again?

Dul. A letter, Sir, that's all. *(gives him a letter.)* Well, since I must not whistle or play, I'll entertain myself with my ballads. *(aside, and takes out a bundle of ballads.)*

Sir W. P. (reading the superscription.) "Sir Wilful Positive."—Why, who gave you this letter?

Dul. (looking over his ballads, and reading the titles.) "Young Lubin."

Sir W. P. Lubin!

Dul. "The Charming Fellow."

Sir W. P. Curse your charming fellow! what is he?

Dul. The Waggoner."

Sir W. P. Waggoner—Oh, then it comes from the country. Did he say any thing when he gave it to you?

Dul. "Ge ho! Dobbin."

Sir W. P. Pshaw, he was speaking to his horses then, and not to you.—Let me see, *(opens the letter and reads.)* "An unknown friend thinks proper to apprize Sir Wilful Positive of the unfortunate malady which has happen'd to Mr. Beverley, during his tour abroad: the unhappy gentleman has been much deranged in his mind, and at intervals is quite outrageous."—Oh Lord! I shall be afraid to sit in his company.—"It is supposed by his physicians, that he was bit by a tarantula, as he finds great relief in lively music." Plague on it—I can give him no lively music.—"If your ward will constantly read and sing to him, he may, notwithstanding, make an agreeable husband."—Ouns! Lydia must not know of this misfortune, nor my sister-in-law, for she'd tell all the world.—Well, who in the name of wonder could have written this letter?

Dul. (still looking over and reading the titles of his ballads.) "Peggy Perkins."

Sir W. P. Peggy Perkins! who is she?

Dul. "The lass of Richmond Hill."

Sir. W. P. Richmond Hill! and when did she give it to the waggoner?

Dul. "In the dead of the night."

Sir W. P. Eh, damn the fellow! he's reading his curs'd ballads. There's a knock at the door—see who it is.—Well, Sir, why don't you run?—Ouns, Sirrah, you should be as brisk as a lamplighter!

Dul. The lamplighter! Oh, you mean Jolly Dick; yes, Sir—"Father and I the world delights," &c. [*Exit singing.*

Sir W. P. Silence, Sirrah—Poor Beverley! aye, this accounts for his not having call'd on me since his return. I wish I had been acquainted with him before he went abroad, then I should have known his disposition, and—

Re-enter DULCET.

Dul. One Patrick Casey would be glad to speak to you, Sir.

Sir W. P. Patrick Casey! the scoundrel, have not I discharg'd him—he was paid his wages, and what does he want?

Dul. I can't tell, Sir—I ask'd him if he knew "Corporal Casey," and he said he was his cousin in Kilkenny, and that he himself is the Tipperary Adonis.

Sir W. P. Pshaw! tell the fellow I am busy—where did you leave him?

Dul. (looking at his ballads, and not minding him.) "Encompass'd in an angel's frame."

Sir W. P. What! are he and Patty together? Oh the villian! but damn it, he's here.

Enter PATRICK CASEY.

P. Cas. Your servant, Sir.—I knew the way up very well; what kind of a humour is he in, the old tune I suppose? *(apart to* DULCET.)

Dul. Old tune, he has not one, old or new.

P. Cas. Oh, I see how it is; that blessed countenance of his is a map of crossways.—Faith I never saw him yet, that he was not pleased—to be angry.

Sir W. P.

Sir W. P. Well, Sir, what do you want? Eh, to slip a love letter, I dare say!

P. Cas. There's for you. By my soul the old gentleman reads love in my face, ha! ha! he!—No, your Honour, I came at present upon business to yourself. I have been looking after a place, do you see, and I think I have found one, if I have not lost it. There's a young maiden lady, of about seventy-five, wants a stout, good looking, experienced young man, and I have offered my services—so, if she should chance to call for my character, why your Honour knows what to say.

Sir W. P. Indeed I do—I'll give her your true character.

P. Cas. Thank your Honour, that's all the maiden-lady wants. I told her ladyship that I was the Tipperary Adonis, and the cause of my leaving you, was that you had nothing at all for me to do; and so I thought it best to give up your business entirely.

Sir W. P. Oh, but I shall tell her another story; she shall know that I had a great deal to do, but that you did nothing; that whenever I sent you to my ward's, you were always loitering away your time with Patty.—

P. Cas. That will do—it will convince her of my attention to the ladies—then she'll ask me who Mrs. Patty is, and I'll tell her she is your beautiful ward's beautiful chambermaid; and to be sure, as the voice of a beautiful girl always tickles the ear of an Irish heart, why I used to stop two or three hours extraordinary to listen to her beautiful music.

Dul. Music! lord, can Patty play?

P. Cas. Play! faith she's as full of tricks as a little kitten in a basket of chips.—

Dul. But does she understand music? can she sing?

Sir W. P. Sing! pshaw! no, she can't! damn this fellow! he'll corrupt my new servant.

P. Cas. No! she can't!—Faith the drone of a bagpipe is not more sweet than her sweet natural tones.

Dul. Can you play upon the bagpipes?

Sir W. P. Curse your bagpipes! Dulcet, look for my snuff-box—look for my snuff-box, I tell you.—

Dul. Here's the Tobacco-box, Sir. *(offering a ballad.)*

Sir W. P. Damnation! this fellow is always plaguing me with his ballads—

Dul. (to P. Cas.) Can you play the Irish Wake and Molly Astore?

P. Cas. Molly Astore! that I can—Lango lee—Ally Croaker—the Proker—the Pig under the Pot—and all the sweet planxties put together.

Dul. Put together! oh, that's a *medley.*

Sir W. P. Ouns! I shall never be able to part these fellows. Sir, you sha'nt stay any longer here, I'll turn you out.

P. Cas. Turn me out!—Ah ha! I smoke you—that's because your ward is come home, and you are afraid that she may take a peep at the Tipperary Adonis.—

Sir W. P. Why, you impudent dog, do you think my ward would look at that damn'd ugly face?

P. Cas. Ugly face? Come, that's very pretty! say that again, and by the powers, all the girls in the parish will be up with their arms against you.

Dul. I say, could your cousin sing?

P. Cas. Sing! faith it was he taught me to sing.—

Sir W. P. Damnation! leave my house, Sir.—Dulcet, see that my carriage is ready.—

P. Cas. Oh, don't mind your carriage, your Honour, I can walk home.

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I humbly thank you all the same. Well, you'll give a fine character of me, I suppose.

Sir W. P. Fine! I'll give the character you deserve.

P. Cas. Thank your Honour, that will do.—Now I'll go home and sing, "Oh be joyful." [*Exit.*

Dul. Oh be joyful! I never heard that song in all my life.—Oh, I must go and hear him. *(going.)*

Sir W. P. Stay where you are —I'll see him out, and shut the street door myself.—

Dul. But, Sir, I never heard that song—I must go and hear him—indeed, Sir—

Sir W. P. Hullo—stop— [*Dulcet runs off, Sir W. P. following him.*

PART OF THE LAST ACT.

SIR WILFUL POSITIVE AND SIDNEY.

Enter DULCET, *with wine and glasses.*

Dul. Here's the wine, Sir, *(fills out the wine, singing)* "Flow thou regal purple stream."

Sir W. P. Be quiet, Dulcet.—Your physicians allow you wine, Sir, I presume?——

Sid. Physicians!—Oh, Sir, I am my own physician, I assure you. *(drinking.)* I should have call'd long before this, Sir Wilful, but a misfortune happened — *(drawing his chair nearer, while* SIR WILFUL *is moving his farther.)*

Sir W. P. Misfortune! pray don't think of your misfortune, Sir—don't I beg of you.—I want no apology—indeed I don't. Come, we must drive away care.

Dul. (singing.) "Begone dull care"—

Sir W. P. Silence, you scoundrel.

Dul. (speaking.) "You and I shall never agree."

Sir W. P. No indeed, we never shall—fill out some wine.

Dul. (singing.) "A bumper, &c."

Sir W. P. Silence, Sirrah.—You had a good passage I hope, Mr. Beverley?

Sid. Tolerable, Sir Wilful—we had some stormy weather.

Dul. (singing very loud.) "The stormy winds do blow—"

Sir W. P. Be quiet, Dulcet!—Zounds! you don't know what mischief you may do now.—I assure you, Mr. Beverley, I was very anxious—*(an organ is heard,* DULCET *drops the waiter with the glasses, &c. runs to the window and dances.)* There! the damn'd scoundrel has startled the gentleman!—Pray, Sir, be composed—for heav'n's sake, Sir—*(fanning* SIDNEY.) He is a poor whimsical fool, and fond of an organ—I hope he did not alarm you much—come from the window, Dulcet, and let the gentleman have a little air.

Dul. Yes, Sir. *(bawling to the organist out of window.)* Hullo!—you are to play a *little air* for the gentleman—master says he'll throw you out half a crown—*(running up to* SIDNEY.) Sir! Sir! will you have "When pensive I thought on my love?"

Sir W. P. Damnation! don't make the gentleman more pensive than he really is!—come, sing for him, play upon the table, beat the drum, sound the trumpet, blow the French-horn, do any thing—make haste—where are your ballads?

Dul. Oh, here, Sir, here—here—what do you like, Sir? here's "Crazy Jane." *(offering* SIDNEY *a ballad.)*

Sir W. P. No, nothing that's crazy.

Dul. And here's "Mad Tom."

Sir W. P. Ouns, if you talk of madmen I'll knock you down.

Dul. Well, Sir, I won't—here's "Polly's complaint in Bedlam."

Sir. W. P.

Sir W. P. Bedlam! damn the scoundrel!—I'll kick you out of the room. Sing a lively song for the gentleman directly.

Dul. Sing! oh that's my pleasure, morning, noon, and night—but what shall I sing? Here, Sir, look over my ballads—choose a song—pray choose a song.—

SONG.

Here are catches, songs, and glees,
Some are twenty for a penny;
You shall have whate'er you please,
Take your choice, for here are many.
Here is "*Nan of Glocester Green,*"
Here's the "*Lilies of the Valley;*"
Here is "*Kate of Aberdeen,*"
Here is "*Sally in our Alley.*"

Here is "*Mary's Dream,*" "*Poor Jack,*"
Here's "*The Tinker*" and "*the Tailor;*"
Here's "*Bow-wow;*" and "*Paddy-whack,*"
"*Tally-ho,*" "*The hardy Sailor.*"
Here's "*Dick Dock,*" "*The hearty Blade,*"
"*Captain Wattle,*" and "*The Grinder;*"
And I've got "*The Cottage Maid;*"
Damme, though, if I can find her.

Drinking songs, too, here abound,
"*Toby Philpot,*" "*Fill the Glasses;*"
And "*Why stands the glass around?*"
"*Here's a health to all kind Lasses.*"
Here's "*Come let us dance and sing,*"
And, what's better, far than any,
Here's "*God save great George our King,*"
"*Hearts of Oak,*" and "*Rule Britannia.*"

CRITICISM

ON

MR. COOKE'S FIRST PERFORMANCE OF HAMLET,

At Covent Garden Theatre, on Monday evening, September 27—written on the morning after the performance.

LAST night the public curiosity was wound up to an uncommon pitch. Mr. COOKE, to the astonishment of all acquainted with his acting, had announced himself for the character of *Hamlet*. This has been reckoned the strongest post of his rival, (Kemble's) and on which he was peculiarly ill-qualified to assail. We are always pleased with spirit, and we are often interested the more in an adventurous enterprise as the means seem disproportionate to the end. If the person who exposes himself to danger, has gained our esteem by former achievements, we feel the greater anxiety to discover whether he will add to his reputation, or sink beneath his ill-directed efforts.—Covent Garden Theatre was crowded at an early hour.

It is painful for us to state, that those who were disappointed in gaining admission, have no reason to think themselves unfortunate. Are there any who would find pleasure in seeing a great man's laurels wither on his brow? It is much to be lamented that Mr. COOKE chose, or was compelled to make, this experiment.—A temporary supply may be brought into the treasury; but he must have hurt himself in the opinion of the public. His well-earned fame may be able to stand the shock; but, had this been his first appearance in London, it is our serious opinion that he would not have been tolerated a second time, and that his vast talents in other departments of the drama must have remained for ever in obscurity.

He looked the character rather better than we expected; his air was juvenile and interesting. He seemed, however, as little animated with the sentiments of *Hamlet*, as with those of *Sir Archy M'Sarcasm*.—Indeed he delivered several of the speeches very much in the manner of the satirical knight. Not one feature of the character did he delineate: outline and colouring were equally exceptionable. We are

anxiously

anxiously taxing our memory for something to commend—Nothing at all presents itself. We can recollect no proofs of the polished education of a Prince; no symptoms of philosophic melancholy; no traits of filial piety; no expression of generous friendship; no throbs of smothered affection; no marks of suspicion; no ebullitions of resentment; no apparent desire for revenge; no conflicts between doubt of being misled, and obedience to the supernatural mandate. Mr. COOKE must have failed in expressing his notions. It is impossible that he could have read over the part without knowing who *Hamlet* is; his principles and his frame of mind; his situation at the opening of the piece; the resolution that he had formed to revenge his father's murder; and the plans which he forms to accomplish this great object. Yet, he certainly did not seem to be aware that *Hamlet* was tired of existence, when he pronounced the soliloquy, "To be or not to be;" and in the play scene, the whole House imagined that he merely wished to make merry with the story of *Gonsalvo*. To express the soft and tender passions Mr. COOKE is utterly unfit. Not only his voice and manner disqualify him, but even his smile. This is uniformly the same, and denotes a disposition to cajole and over-reach, whatever be his internal emotions. His pathetic exclamation of "father!" to the ghost, raised a general laugh. We trust that he will henceforth keep within his own sphere; as these alterations must lead him to a vast distance from the great centre of the threatrical system—THE PUBLIC FAVOUR, round which it is our earnest wish to see him triumphantly revolve.

Mr. COOKE met with but a cold reception. At the conclusion of the last act some hissing called forth the exertions of his friends, and the struggles between the two parties continued for several minutes; all disapprobation was at last drowned amidst peals of applause; but most people seemed to wish rather to shew their respect for Mr. COOKE's general merits as an actor, than to sanction with their praise this particular performance.

CRITICISM
ON
MR. COOKE's SECOND PERFORMANCE OF HAMLET,

On Monday, Oct. 4.

MR. COOKE, on Monday night, appeared a second time in the character of *Hamlet*. We were in hopes we should have been able to have added with much better success. After the strong and unanimous condemnation of the former attempt, it did not appear probable that he would persevere, unless he had fresh and untried resources. We imagined that he had been prevented from exerting his talents by indisposition or embarrassment, or that by hard study he had discovered the cause of his failure, and had laid up a store of fresh graces with which he was to transport us. He could not set up his own judgment against that of the Public, and no man would voluntarily expose himself to certain disgrace. But, alas, we could not perceive that any new light had broke in upon him. A week of painful application, to detect old errors, and to catch new beauties, has been completely lost. Whatever obstructed the display of his art, still continues to extend over him its inimical influence. Mr. COOKE was as unlike *Hamlet* as ever, and he has proved more completely his insufficiency for what he

had undertaken. After this disregard of the Public voice, we should feel little tenderness in taking the performance to pieces, and fairly balancing its merits against what it has defective and absurd; but the task would really be irksome and unprofitable. It is only from contrasting what is bad with what is good, that pleasure is felt, or improvement arises. If we were to follow Mr. COOKE from scene to scene, and from act to act, we should only have to remark; "Here he was cold and phlegmatic, instead of agitated and impassioned;" "here he was boisterous and stormy, instead of displaying wounded sensibility and silent anguish;" "throughout, he appeared a *robustious periwig-pated fellow*, instead of the amiable and accomplished Prince of Denmark. Until Mr. COOKE shall be able to enter into the feelings and sentiments of *Hamlet*, it will be in vain for him to think of representing him. We have heard of actors who, in this part, lost all sense of their individual existence; who felt a real disgust at life from what they observed around them; who actually believed that they saw a supernatural being upon the appearance of the Ghost; who were animated with the most ardent passion to revenge the foul murder that had been committed; and to whom the various plans and resolutions of *Hamlet* seemed to rise up spontaneously in their minds. At any rate the spectators have often been deceived by the cunning of the scene, and have for a while imagined themselves at the Court of Denmark, witnesses of the most striking events. Last night we were always in Covent Garden Theatre, seeing —— COOKE, Esq. mangle the finest dramatic character ever drawn by any poet. Mr. COOKE could not make even the audience forget for a moment that they beheld the successful representative of *Shylock*, *Sir Archy M'Sarcasm*, and *King Richard III*. He might shew some excellencies "*rari nantes in gurgite vasto*," but they were never characteristic. In framing his mind, and moulding his bodily organs, Nature seems to have sworn, that whatever theatrical fame he might acquire, he should never be sufferable as *Hamlet*. He must submit to the decree. He will, in future, receive no molestation from the manager, as though the pit was well filled last night, the boxes were almost empty.

BOXING AND SPARRING.

ON Tuesday a pitched battle, for twenty guineas a-side, was fought between *O'Donnel*, an Irishman, and *Pardo Wilson*, brother-in-law to *Belcher*. The ground fixed upon for the combat was the Scrubbs, through which the Paddington canal runs, about four miles from Hyde-park corner. At an early part of the day crowds of people were flocking towards the field of battle, and the Amateurs never shewed greater anxiety to behold the battles between *Belcher* and *Burke*, as the heroes of the day, though not possessing their athletic powers, were known to be well skilled in the science of boxing; neither of them having ever lost a battle, although they had frequently been engaged in severe conflicts. The young Irishman did not appear to exceed eighteen years of age, and his opponent was not less than thirty. In height the Irishman had a little the advantage, and weighed about four pounds heavier than his adversary.

At one o'clock not less than 3000 people had assembled on the ground, when many attempts were made to form a ring, which could not be effected till nearly an hour; and

and that only in consequence of a number of the well-known pugilists using thick sticks, and forcing the people to fall back, such were the number present. The outside of the circle was formed by hackney coaches, carriages, carts, and vehicles of every description. A man upon a grey horse in the ring, while making the animal kick at the people to induce them to fall back, was thrown off, but had the good fortune to escape unhurt.

About two o'clock O'Donnel and Wilson entered the ring, attended each by their friends. Two Irishmen, whose names we could not learn, were second and bottle-holder to the former, and Belcher and Tom Jones to the latter. The two combatants began to strip together, and the odds seemed to be in favour of Wilson; they both appeared in good spirits, and eyed each other minutely. When they were ready, the seconds proposed that they should toss up for the choice of the side of the ring, as they were both desirous to avoid facing the sun; this advantage was gained by Belcher's friend. At five minutes past two they set to, and a general opinion was expressed by the Amateurs that their stile was equal to any thing they had ever seen. It was evident, that although Wilson had been tutored under Belcher, that O'Donnel most imitated his manner of fighting.

First Round.—Both kept a strong guard for a short time. The Irishman made the first blow, which Wilson stopped and returned; then both came to the ground together, O'Donnel having received a slight wound in his lip which bled a little.

Second Round—Wilson made a feint at the Irishman, who struck at the same time; a sharp blow or two passed on both sides. The round concluded with the Irishman giving Wilson a cross-buttock.

Third Round. — The Irishman evinced much strength, Wilson fell back and chopped at O'Donnel as he came up to him, with great success. Hard fighting followed, but ended with Wilson receiving a knock-down blow. The odds now appeared in the Irishman's favour.

Fourth Round—Straight forward fighting—The Irishman then made several blows at Wilson's body, which he parried and returned, but O'Donnel still followed him up, and did not quit him till he fell. There were very little odds, although it was evident that Wilson declined in strength, and had received a blow in the right eye; but no blood appeared.

Fifth Round — Wilson seemed fearful to face the Irishman, and a good deal of manœuvering took place nearly all round the ring, but O'Donnel stuck close to his opponent, and struck the first blow; and Wilson, though seemingly not much hurt, fell. This round was more calculated to display the science than produce bloody noses.—It was now three to one in favour of O'Donnel.

Sixth Round—On the onset Wilson made a successful blow at the Irishman's head, which did not bring him to the ground; but before the round finished, the Irishman put in a blow at his adversary's left side, which obliged him to fall. It then appeared a hollow thing; but those who supposed they knew Wilson best, persisted in the opinion, that he had not yet come to the best of his play.

Seventh Round—Wilson endeavoured to alter his mode of fighting. He suffered the Irishman to strike first, then stopped the blow and returned it again with the same arm; but the blows given that way not being effectual, the Irishman followed him up, and again concluded the round in his favour.

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Eighth Round—They set to immediately, and this was the best round of all for hard straight forward fighting. It was now thought Wilson was bringing forward his reserved strength, but he did not keep it up long; and was obliged to fall from a blow.

Ninth Round—On meeting, the Irishman hit Wilson on the temple, and made him reel; and following him put in another blow, which brought him to the ground.

Tenth Round—This was the last round, which was very short. Wilson receiving a violent blow on his ribs, fell against the people, at the side of the ring, when Belcher whispered him that it was of no use to persevere, and advised him to give it in, which he consented to.

The triumph of a great concourse of Irish on the ground was now complete. They hoisted their hero on their shoulders, and carried him to a coach, swearing they would make all St. Giles's ring that night for joy.

Neither of the Combatants, seemed very much bruised about the head or face, but they had received many violent blows on the body.

BELCHER's SPARRING.

On the same evening at Sadler's Wells, the amateurs of pugilism were all on tiptoe for the grand display of pugilistic dexterity advertised by Belcher, for his benefit, at Sadler's Wells. This hero, who justly stiles himself in his advertisement, "Champion of England," was himself to exhibit all his science; which, together with the specimen to be afforded by his assistants, the most eminent men in the line next to him, would have made up the finest display of the art of bruising that had ever been witnessed. The spectacle was to have been patronised by many persons of distinction; and numbers who, from motives of religion or humanity had an abhorrence of real boxing-matches, were delighted with the opportunity of beholding every entertainment that the skill and ability of the first performers could afford, without the horrid attendance of black eyes, bloody-noses, and the mass of disfigurements with which the human face divine is sometimes deformed in its exertions. There were even some ladies who were desirous to be present at this field day of fisty-cuffs, from the old esteem of the sex for bravery, let what will be the weapon. There were, in fact, few classes or descriptions, in which there were not a considerable number of persons who designed to be spectators at Mr. Belcher's benefit, and who did not look forward to the evening with some anxiety: but, oh! disappointment!—the Magistrates, fearful of the tumults that might ensue, and dreading that the gentlemen most ardent in pursuit of the sport, would seize the occasion of the assemblage of all the gentlemen of the fist, to form some matches, and to renew those scenes which frighten their worships, sent orders in the morning *to close the Theatre for the season.* Their orders were of course obeyed, and a notice that there would be no performances, was fixed up at the entrance of the Theatre at an early hour: but the proprietors having no interest in the thing; and Belcher being probably too much disappointed himself to think of the disappointment of the public, no hand-bills were circulated, nor any other general notice given; so that the numbers who arrived successively at the doors of the Theatre of Sadler's Wells, between four and seven o'clock, had only to return the way they came.

MORE OF BELCHER.

On Friday the 8th of this present month, *James Belcher* was brought in custody before Nicholas Bond, Esq. and Sir William Parsons at the Public-Office, Bow-street, on a warrant of Lord ELLENBOROUGH's, dated the 22d of July, 1802, in order to give bail for his appearance next term, in the Court of King's Bench, to answer an indictment found against him for certain riots and misdemeanors, alluding to the pitched battle he fought with Berks, at Hurley Bottom, in Berkshire; and which had been removed, by consent, from the Quarter Sessions for that county, to the Court of King's Bench, where it would probably have rested, had he not since fought another battle with Berks. The recognizance taken, was himself in L.200, and two sureties in L.100 each.

Natural History of Wild Animals peculiar to Great Britain.

(Continued from Page 151. No. 117, for June, 1802. Vol. XX.)

THE SHARPER.

THIS animal, though very plentiful in England, is not confined to it; most parts of the world having something of the kind. But the fact is, and it would be unworthy of the veracity of a naturalist, were I to conceal it, that there is something peculiar to this country which more successfully and directly invites this animal.—Whether this be in the soil, climate, or diet, I shall not pretend to determine, but in whatever part of the world a *Sharper* has got scent of an Englishman, it is rarely he leaves him before he has devoured him; unless some persons acquainted with the nature of the animal, beats him off at first, or confines him in a cage, so as to allow the *prey* time to escape.

This animal resembles the human shape in some respects; but its teeth are long and sharp, and its claws highly dangerous. There is a peculiarity too, about the legs, which are black, and hence some naturalists have denominated them *black-legs*; but I rather chose to adhere to the old name.

Like other animals of the ferocious kind, and which are at the same time of a cowardly disposition, their attack is slow, and apparently void of all art: they appear so gentle, that it seems harmless to be familiar with them, and they never pounce upon their prey until they have made quite sure of it, so that it cannot escape; when they devour it with the greatest cruelty, often pretending to let it go, and, when the poor thing thinks it has got off, seizing it again, and not parting with it until completely destroyed.

The *Sharper* is observed to possess that fascination which certain of the serpent tribe exert so successfully in drawing their prey to them; and in this respect, at least, no animal comes nearer the serpent, than that we are now describing.

The common prey of the *Sharper*, are, the *Dupe* and the *Ninny*, two harmless animals, which are so well known, that I need not interrupt my narration with an account of them. There are few families without one of them, though I never could conceive of what advantage or amusement they can be to a rational creature. Yet truth to say, there are some people, whose understandings are not otherwise to be impeached, who promote the breed of these animals with great care, and at an enormous expence. Without expence, indeed, they are reared with great difficulty; but th-

those who know of no other way to employ their wealth, may be sure of success, if they bestow it upon the encouragement of this breed. It is, notwithstanding, very silly and very cruel—it is very silly to take great pains to rear a useless animal; and it is very cruel to rear any animal, which, you may be certain, the more pains you take with it, the more easily does it become a prey to another animal more strong and cunning. As soon as a *Sharper* has fixed its claws on a *Dupe* or a *Ninny*, it is impossible to remove the creature from it, without its suffering very much; but so cunning are the *Sharpers*, that they seldom attack their prey in public, but wait for an occasion when the *Dupe* is without his leader, and then they never fail to secure him. The *Dupes* are, it is almost needless to add, peculiar to large cities; the *Ninnies* to the country: but I am not quite convinced that this distinction is precise, and there is often so much resemblance between them, as to render it a difficult matter to say which is which.

The *Ninny* has generally a rougher skin, and a more shambling awkward gait. The *Dupe* is bred up more delicately, has a soft skin, scull very thin (which in the other is very thick) and has a mincing affected gait.

Although I have mentioned these two as the chief prey of the *Sharper*, they are not the only objects of his attack. He often invades the societies of men, and some persons who might have been thought wise enough to be upon their guard, have been wounded severely by the *Sharper*. But in order to explain this, it is necessary to say, that beside the advantages which the *Sharper* derives from the cunning, a more fruitful source of danger arises to the public, from there being a great variety of the species. There are, at least, twenty different species, which may be observed in the metropolis; and Mr. Colquhoun, a very able naturalist, who some time since published a valuable treatise on *noxious animals*, reckons there are more than a hundred thousand individuals belonging to those species. Among these, there must, of course, be some against which it is extremely difficult to guard, even by the utmost vigilance. Happy would it have been, if when the country was rid of other wild beasts, some hundred years ago, suitable and similar rewards had been offered for the extinction of the whole breed of *Sharpers*. At this day it is thought very extraordinary, that our government is so remiss on this point; and the gentleman I have just mentioned, has enlarged on this subject with such convincing arguments, that while I take a pleasure in referring my readers to what he advances, I am hopeful it will not lose its effect in a certain quarter where it is intended chiefly to operate.

The *male* and *female Sharper*, differ in the order of nature, with respect to other animals, in outward appearance. It is well known to persons conversant with natural history, or who have occasional visits to his Majesty's menagerie in the tower, that the male of all animals is the handsomest, and the female the ugliest and least picturesque. The case is precisely the reverse with the animal we are speaking of. The male is always ugly, often to a degree of deformity, and there is something remarkably ferocious and forbidding in its looks, especially in those which have been bred on the *turf*, a very common diet with them: whereas the female is generally uncommonly beautiful and fascinating, and thereby more dangerous even to persons of wisdom and caution, who are not in the habits of distinguishing animals

animals from one another, unless by certain general and prominent features. Now these general features will not answer in the present case; as without a very nice inspection, the figure of the *female Sharper* will be found very much to resemble that of a woman; and particularly of those unhappy women who infest the streets, and appear objects rather of pity than terror. It must be observed that all the *Sharpers* select *young* objects as their prey. The old, it is supposed, are not so easily caught, or are so tough, that it is impossible to make an impression on them. There may occasionally be exceptions, but upon the whole, this may be set down as a general rule.

As to taming the *Sharper*, or making him domestic and harmless, it is so impossible, so beyond all means hitherto tried, that a man would risk the imputation of extreme folly who would attempt it. The breed must be wholly extirpated, or there can be no safety for the public; but as there seems a reluctance in government to issue general orders on this subject, it may not be amiss, in the mean time, to offer a little cautionary advice, by which the attack of the animal may be warded off.

Long experience and observation have convinced me, that this animal, however wild and ferocious, however greedy of prey, will seldom return to the attack, if the first has been repelled with firmness and spirit. In order to do this, the animal must be driven away, even with some cruelty if it is necessary; and so much depends on this, that the laws of self-preservation will amply justify the person attacked. This is not, however, to be expected from the *Dupes* and *Ninnies*, and therefore, persons who are fond of them, must watch them narrowly, and if they see them in danger of the *Sharper's fangs*, beat him off and deliver him up to the *hunters*, if there be any at hand; or, what is perhaps a better way, draw its teeth, and cut off its claws, the only weapons of its mischief, and shew them to the *Dupe* or *Ninny*, which will so frighten them, that they will ever afterward be shy of exposing themselves to like danger. The same may be done to the *female Sharper*, but she is not so easily disarmed, nor is it so easy to keep the prey from her.

These cautions will be found of some use. Much we cannot expect from them; men cannot live in a perpetual watchfulness, moments of carelessness and inattention will happen to the wisest; and therefore, as these animals are the cause of so much mischief, it would be extremely desirable to have them entirely extirpated. In the mean time, it is very fortunate that they frequently fall into the hands of their pursuers, and this frightens the whole breed, so as to make them disappear for a considerable time. After their fears abate, they begin to creep out of their holes, chiefly in the night time; and, as we have it from very ancient and respectable authority, "*devour widow's houses.*" The *Sharper*, I ought to mention, is a gregarious animal, and this makes the danger the greater; a flock of them will often devour a whole village; and last summer there were herds of them who migrated from London toward the sea coast of Kent and Sussex, where they did great damage, particularly among the poor sick people who had gone *for health* to Margate, Brighthelmstone, and other places. In the winter, they burrow chiefly in large cities, where their safety arises either from their having a number of holes and corners into which they creep unperceived, or from their associating together so as to be formidable. In all places, the night is

peculiarly

peculiarly favourable to them, and hence they are frequently heard to articulate the words *glim* and *darkee*, which, in their language, are supposed to mean *night* and *darkness*; or as some think *light* and *darkness*. But their language is so strange a jargon, that very few but themselves understand it, although the very ingenious antiquary Captain Grose, now deceased, published a dictionary of it a few years ago. It resembles most the Yahoo language, so ably explained and illustrated by the Dean of St. Patrick.

Very few of the *Sharpers* die a natural death, a circumstance which likewise serves to distinguish them from other animals. But this is perhaps to be accounted for upon common principles. It must be observed that the natural weapons of this animal, its fangs and talons, originally projecting from the body, at length turn inward, and devour the creature itself; which people often express in a metaphorical way, by saying that it is caught in its own net. To catch it in any other way is attended with some difficulty, and a considerable length of time. I have known an old *Sharper* run about town for several years, with a *rope* about its neck, without the persons who had hold of it being able to finish the business. And even then, not less than *twelve men* are necessary, and these must have the advice and counsel of some person who is a *judge* of the nature of the animal, and the manner of killing it.

THE

DISAPPOINTED SPORTSMEN.

A Very small party, of five, set out from Worthing in Sussex, on the 2d of October, with dogs in proportion, on a shooting party, thirty miles, to request a day's sport in the preserved pheasant woods of the Hon. J. T. Capel, at Holmbush, near Horsham. They were, however, much disappointed on being accosted by the owner and his keepers, and prevented taking this innocent amusement, by being noticed off. None of those gentry, except one, was ever heard of by Mr. C. and only one of the party had taken out a licence; every one of them is unqualified, even to carry a gun. Their names are, Mr. G. Dawson, Mr. Matthew Dawson, Mr. S. Hearsey, Mr. James Ether, Mr. Robert Bolton. At least this is the report of the Lewes Journal; which paper adds, that Mr. C. is now carrying on a prosecution in the Westminster Courts, against a Mr. Piper, a butcher's son, at Dorking, for shooting close to his house, not being qualified, on the 1st of October, and refusing his name to one of his keepers when asked for it. This is the third Dorking sportman this Gentleman will have severely punished for similar offences, within less than six months.

GAME OF WHIST.

A DIFFICULTY SOLVED.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

IN answer to the question of your Correspondent A. B. (see page 327 of your last) relative to the *right* a player at Whist may possess of calling his adversaries cards, if he only *see* them without their being *separated*—I would with deference submit the following observations:

The intention of that rule laid down by Hoyle, viz. "If cards be *separated* and seen, the opposite party has a right to call them," is unquestionably to prevent either of the

the four players from affording any unfair advantage to their partner, by disclosing a particular card.—Now the mere act of *separating* a card may, or may not, be productive of any consequence; as such card may fall with its face downwards, and of course cannot be seen, so as to incur the penalty of being called. On the other hand, a player may, by stratagem, contrive to exhibit many, or all of his cards to his partner, without separating them, and thereby violate the principle of fairness of playing. It appears to me, therefore, that if a player's cards be so held, as that either of the opposite parties see them, without making an improper attempt for that purpose, such party has a *right* to call them.

I am, Sir, Yours, Z.

ANOTHER ANSWER.

GENTLEMEN,

In answer to A. B.'s case on Whist, I take the liberty to inform him, Mr. Hoyle has answered it, and he will find it also in my short rules for Whist, p. 23. The card cannot be called unless separated.

Your's, BOB SHORT.

Baker's Coffee-house, Sept. 11.

DANCING.

In a long Hand-bill of Mr. Christopher Towle's, Dancing Master of Oxford, dated 1783, that excentric though rather illiterate Artist, speaks thus in commendation of Dancing.

NO Man can be well prepared in any sort of genteel Trades, Professions, Sicances, Employments, Servitudes, Music, the Army, or Navy, unless they can Dance exceeding well; Dancing will make a Man Stand and Walk, and Look, and Speak well; to be Courteous, and Civil, Obliging, and Complaisant, and Genteel, and of a fine forgiving merciful disposition; which all will be soon attained with all Persons who learn to Dance very well, I have known and heard of Persons who as been good Dancers, to advance themselves from a Quirister to a Bishop, from a Private Man to a General, from a Cabin-boy to a Admiral, from a Lawyer-Clerk to a Counsellor, and from that to a Judge, from a Clerk to a Merchant, to be a Merchant himself; and ten Thousand Circumstances of the same kind might be Innumerated, &c. &c. Dancing gives a Person a easy Looking and Speaking, to his Superiors and Inferiors, it takes off those slow and Effeminately Proud deluding Look that some of the Sectary make Use of, to a most abominable and reached disgraceful degree, and quite despisable to every honest Man, whilest the good natured Dancer, &c. Behaves with the very strictest part of Modesty, and a easy Obliging Behaviour to all and all Sorts of People of all denominations; if I was to Enumerate the great use that Dancing is of to Women in all Sorts of Trades and Employments, and all sorts of Services, in all respects beginning with one of the Maids of Honour to the Queen, and go through all Sorts and degrees of Quality and Gentry, &c. &c. and Trades, &c. it would be a very great Task, &c. in short Dancing is the very greatest support to Trades and Manufactures of all Sorts, and Professions of every kind that can be mention'd, and all those Sort of Persons who has any thing to say against Dancing are Enemies to the whole Community, &c. all Free-Schools, Charity-Schools, and Persons who desire to promote Improvements for either Boys or Girls, should leave a very good SALARY for a Dancing-Master to Instruct Children for ever, &c. this I recommend

mend to all the whole Community of all Nations, Kingdoms, and all the Inhabitants upon the Face of the whole Earth. Signed by me

CHRISTOPHER TOWLE.

ANOTHER

ELEPHANT HUNT.

A Gentleman at Lucknow gives the following account of the late Hunt of his Excellency the Nawab. The object of attack was a wild elephant. We espied him on a large plain, overgrown with grass. The Nawab, eager for such diversions, immediately formed a semi-circle with four hundred elephants, who were directed to advance on and encircle him. When the semi-circle of elephants got within three hundred yards of the wild one, he looked amazed, but not frightened; two large Must (high in the rut) elephants of the Nawab's, were ordered to advance against him; when they approached within twenty yards, he charged them; the shock was dreadful; however, the wild one conquered, and drove the Must elephants before him. As he passed, the Nawab ordered some of the strongest female elephants with thick ropes to go along side of him, and endeavour to entangle him with nooses and running knots: the attempt was vain, as he snapped every rope; and none of the tame elephants could stop his progress. The Nawab perceiving it impoſſible to catch him, ordered his death, and immediately a volley of above 100 shots were fired. Many of the balls hit him, but he seemed unconcerned, and moved on towards the mountains. An incessant fire was kept up for near an hour. Some of the Kandahar horse galloped up to him, and made cuts at him with their sabres, but he charged them vigorously. Being now much exhausted with the loss of blood, having received above 300 shots, and many strokes of the sabre, he slackened his pace, quite calm and serene, as if determined to meet his approaching end with the undaunted firmness of a hero. The horsemen seeing him weak and slow, dismounted, and with their swords began a furious attack on the tendons of his hind legs. They were soon cut. Unable to proceed, this noble monarch of the woods staggered, looked with an eye of reproach, mixed with contempt, at his unfeeling foes, and then fell without a groan. The hatchetmen now advanced, and commenced an attack on his large ivory tusks. The sight was very affecting: he still breathed, and breathed without a groan: he rolled his eyes with anguish on the surrounding crowd, and making a last effort to rise, expired with a sigh! The Nawab then returned to his tents flushed with exultation.

AMERICAN TURF.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

BY inserting the pedigrees and performances of Leviathan, Virago, and Calypso, you will give to the world three of the best racers that have appeared in America: from a perusal (which with great pleasure is frequently made) of your useful Magazine, 'tis presumable you wish to record the most favourite racers of any, and every country. By the appearance of these, 'twill be judged whether or not any of the same kind will be hereafter acceptable to you; from an admirer, and a constant American Reader.

Virginia, July 20, 1802.

LEVIATHAN.

LEVIATHAN.

THIS famous grey gelding, the property of John Tayloe, Esq. was got by the famous horse, Flag of Truce, his dam an imported mare.

In 1798 he won the second day's Jockey Club purse, at Hanover Court-House, for 45l.

In 1799, he won the Richmond purse, for 60l.

In May, 1799, he won the Petersburg Jockey Club second day's purse, for 45l.

In May 15, 1799, he won the Tappaharrock Jockey Club purse, for 45l.

In October 4, he won the Virginia Jockey Club purse, for 50gs.

In October 17, he won the Richmond Jockey Club purse, for 60l.

In October 30, he won the second day's Petersburg purse, for 50l.

In 1800, May 21, he won the first day's Jockey Club purse, at Richmond, beating Minerva and several others, for 120l.

In May 27, he won the first day's purse at Petersburg, for 100l.

In June 10, he won the first day's Jockey Club purse, at Tappaharrock, for 70l.

In October 15, he won the Fairfield Jockey Club purse, for 135l.

In November 4, he won the Alexandria Jockey Club purse, for 75l.

In May 12, 1801, he won the first day's Richmond Jockey Club purse, for 135l.

In October, he also won the Richmond Jockey Club purse, for 150l.

VIRAGO.

WAS a mare of shape and beauty; and, from her very superior speed, is believed to have been the fastest mare that ever was trained in America. She was got by Shark, her dam (old Virago) by Star, her grand-dam (Mr. Panton's Arabian) out of a daughter of old Crab, and is the property of John Tayloe, Esq. of Mount-Airy.

In 1796, May 10, she won the Tappaharrock Jockey Club purse, for 75l. beating the famous Virginia-Nell.

October 18, she won the Fredericsburg Jockey Club purse, for 120l. and in Sept. she won a match, beating Virginia-Nell, for 140l.—At Port-Royal in November 8, she won the Annapolis purse, for 60l.

In May, 1797, she won the Tappaharrock Jockey Club purse, for 75l.

In May, 1798, she walked over for the Tappaharrock Jockey Club purse, for 75l.

In May, she won easy the Petersburg Jockey Club purse, for 100l.

In October 4, she walked over for the Hanover Court-House purse, 50gs.

In October 12, she won the Richmond second day's Jockey Club purse for 60l.

In October 23, she won the Petersburg Jockey Club purse, for 100l.

CALYPSO.

THE property of John Tayloe, Esq. of Mount-Airy, was a very capital mare, of shape and goodness; was got by Medley, out of young Selima, and foaled in 1792.

In October, 1795, she won a match at the Bowling-green against Mr. Alexander's colt, Shark, for 200l.

In May 1796, she won the second Jockey Club purse, at Tapharrock, for 37l. 10s.

In October 6, she won the second day's race at Hanover Court-House, for 50 gs.

In October 19, she won the second day's Jockey Club purse, at Fredericsburg, for 90l.

In

In November 9, she won the second day's purse, at Annapolis, (colts' purse), for 30l.

In May 1797, she won the second day's Jockey Club purse, at Tappaharrock, for 45l.

In October 3, she won the Virginia Jockey Club purse, for 120l.

In November 14, she won the Fredericsburg Jockey Club purse, for 95l.

In Oct. 1798, she won the Virginia Jockey Club purse, for 120l.

In October 11, she won the Richmond Jockey Club purse, for 30l.

In October 31, she won the Fredericsburg Jockey Club purse, for 120l.

In May 8, 1799, she won the Petersburg first days purse, for 120l.

In May 14, she won the Tappaharrock Jockey Club purse, for 70l.

SHAW AGAINST DAWSON

For Penalties on the Game Laws; *being the Particulars of a Cause tried at the York Assizes*, *August*, 1802.

THIS was an action to recover certain penalties created by the Game Laws, on keeping a gun and dog, for the destruction of game, without being qualified, and without a certificate.

Mr. Park stated, that his client was a very respectable attorney, and however singular it might appear that a gentleman of his description should bring such an action as the present, yet, when he chose to bring it, it must be determined according to law, and to the evidence. His client was probably provoked to bring this action, from the circumstance of his son having been convicted of the same offence against the Game Laws, upon the evidence of this very defendant: he therefore had conceived it to be perfectly fair and right to retaliate on the defendant. He understood that the defence which was to be set up was this, that the defendant was the regular game-keeper of a Mr. Lloyd, who was the Lord of the Manor; this defence would be completely disproved, and it would appear in evidence, that the defendant had actually kept a dog and gun, and had gone out for the destruction of game, without being qualified either by property, or as a game-keeper; and without having the certificates required by the statute.

Francis Bayly, and another witness, proved, that they saw the defendant in the parish of Mitton, on the 3d of September last; he was in company with Mr. John Lloyd, and another gentleman, who were taking the diversion of shooting; both of the gentlemen fired in the presence of the witnesses, and one of them killed a partridge; the defendant also carried a gun, but did not fire in their presence. They knew the defendant to be a servant of Mr. John Lloyd, and one of them heard the defendant acknowledge that he kept a gun.

Serjeant Cockel, on the part of the defendant said, that whatever might be the event of this action, it was one of the most ungracious actions ever brought forward in a court of justice. The plaintiff well knew that the defendant was a servant of Mr. John Lloyd, who resides in the manor-house belonging to his brother, Richard Hughes Lloyd, Esq. Lord of the Manor of Bashall, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. The defendant, it is true, did not receive the certificate, which the act of parliament requires a game-keeper to take out, till about a fortnight after the day in which this offence was said to be committed; but then it must be recollected, that it had been proved

 that

that the defendant did not fire; and it appeared more probable that he was carrying a gun, as a servant, for his master, who was qualified, than that he had come out for the purpose of partaking in the amusements of those gentlemen. As to the charge of his keeping a gun, he knew no law which prevented any subject from keeping a gun, or from carrying a gun, unless it should be proved that it was so kept or carried for the express purpose of *destroying game*.

Richard Hugh Lloyd, Esq. proved that he was Lord of the Manor of Bashall, and that his brother, Mr. John Lloyd, had a qualification in landed property, to the amount of 200l. per annum.

The Deputy Clerk of the Peace proved, that Mr. John Lloyd was qualified, and had now the proper certificate: it appeared, however, from the cross examination of the defendant's witnesses, that on the 3d of September, Mr. John Lloyd had not himself taken out the certificate required by the Act of Parliament.

Lord Ellenborough said, that the qualification to kill game, does not now consist merely in having that property prescribed by the Game Laws, or in being a game-keeper; but that it is equally necessary to have taken out that certificate which the law requires. It appears in this case, that Mr. John Lloyd had not taken that certificate, and there was no sort of proof of the other gentleman being qualified; he must therefore consider the whole party as equally unqualified, which very materially altered the presumption he should otherwise have formed. Had the gentlemen been exact and regular in complying with the requisites of the law as to themselves, he should then have presumed them regular with respect to their servant; and if they allowed him to carry a gun, he should suppose that it was not for the purpose of destroying game, which the law did not warrant him to do, but merely as a servant, for the use of his master, who was legally amusing himself with shooting: but in the present instance, he could see only that a party of persons, all unqualified, went out with dogs and guns for the destruction of game. He could not, therefore, separate one of the party from the rest, and he thought the plaintiff had a right to bring this action against which person of the party he thought proper.

Verdict for the plaintiff, damages TWENTY POUNDS.

ROOK SHOOTING

A Nuisance, and not a Nuisance; being the Substance of two Trials at the East Riding of York Sessions, 1802.

BEVERLEY.—On Tuesday, October 5, the Quarter Sessions came on before Major Osbaldeston, the Chairman; Colonel Creyke, Major Topham, Mr. Bethel, Mr. Grimston, Mr. Brown; the Rev. Mr. Lundy, Mr. Gilby, Mr. Elliott, Mr. Read, Mr. Simpson, Clerks; and others, their companions.

After various motley business of form had been dispatched, an indictment came on to be tried, preferred by the Rev. J. Minithorne of North Burton, against Mr. Thomas Milner and Robert Artley, farmers, for shooting at Rooks in the high-road. The Bill of Indictment had been found the last Sessions.

Mr. Sykes was counsel for the plaintiff; Mr. Nicholl for the defendant. In opening the case, as an indictment for a nuisance, Mr. Sykes made a very eloquent speech for his client; and Mr. Nicholl, in his

his reply to it, which was remarkably good, contended there was no *public nuisance* committed by the act of shooting; and that the plaintiff, having ordered his own servant to shoot some owls a few days afterwards, had decidedly proved, he did not think shooting so much a nuisance as he complained of.

A number of very respectable witnesses were examined as to the tree and the high road on which they were shot; and a plan of the ground was produced in court, drawn by Mr. Dickenson the surveyor.

The indictments were tried before *two separate Juries*; and what is remarkable, one jury found Mr. Thomas Milner guilty, and the other jury acquitted Robert Artley, though the offence was precisely the same.

In the former trial, it is understood, eleven jurors were instantly ready to give a verdict of acquittal; but one, possessing different sentiments, declared to his brethren, that he would sit up all night rather than acquit the defendant. Hereon the jury withdrew, and some hours stay having made no impression on his patience, at length the rest felt obliged to yield to his opinion.

The evidence was summed up very accurately and impartially by Major Osbaldeston, the chairman; and the sentence passed on Mr. Thomas Milner was—*a Fine of One Shilling*.

A NEW

PATENT FOR SADDLES,

HAS been obtained by Mr. R. Dixon of Long Acre. The application of a lever to two springs, attached by screws and rivets, to a plate of metal fixed to the upper or under side of the bar of the saddle-tree, causes the utility of this saddle-strap to exceed all others. To the opposite bar of the saddle-tree, straps are attached to fasten the ends of the girths, and obstacles opposed, to prevent the lever from being overdrawn. The advantages of this patent are, that by drawing the buckles of the girth with more or less force, the action of the springs upon the levers and the straps, causes the girth to be applied with any degree of firmness or tension, which may be convenient, while the elasticity of the springs affords the horse every necessary degree of ease and liberty to breathe; and thus to perform his various movements, with much more comfort than can be had when the girth is fixed and applied in the old way.

THE VAGRANT's GUIDE;

Or, Beggar's Directory through the Interior of Wiltshire.

THE public has frequently been presented with *Guides through France*; *Guides to the Lakes*; *Guides through Wales*; and a variety of books of such descriptive communication: but we believe that the following paper will be deemed *an original Guide*, of it's kind. It was found near Hindon, Wilts; and will tend to shew what a complete system is established by the tribe of common Beggars; and how cautious Overseers, Constables, &c. ought to be in affording relief, and thereby encouraging such a vagrant mode of support. We have omitted some names that were introduced in this curious MS, though we doubt not that the persons alluded to would have deemed themselves proud of having merited the abuse of such itenerant travellers. A glossary appears to be wanting, to explain some of the terms; but, as it is out of our power to supply one, we must leave our readers to make use of their inventive faculties, and

doubt

doubt not, by the context, they will be able to give themselves a satisfactory translation.

Copy of a Paper lately found near Hindon, in Wilts:

"Go first in the morning down the water-side by the Duke Queensborough's; keep the river on the right hand; the first parish you come into, the Wardyear lives in a great house just going into the parish; then go to the next pad, the Ward of that pad lives in a genteel house, between the two pads; there is a pond just before the door; then go to Netherhaven, the Duke of Beaufort's steward is churchwarden there; follow him; then go to the next pad, the Justice's Clerk is Wardyear there, he is a schoolmaster; then go to Longshreet; then to Uphaven; then to Russell; then go down all the Bourn to Market Lavington; the Wardyear of every parish is allowed to *come in* all the way between Amesbury and Lavington; then go to West Lavington, but dont follow the Wardyear of that place, for he is a good for nothing fellow a lawyer, but go from thence to Little Chiverell; the Wardyear lives in the field, I think his name is Ridman; the next parish a little on your right is called Great Chiverell, dont go near that place for there is a Queer Duke his name is ———, he will *surlk* you, so keep from him, and go from Little Chiverell to a parish called Stoke; in that pad comes in a shopkeeper; go to the great house in that pad; the Squire's Steward lives there, and will give you sixpence; then go to Edington to my Lord Harry Pawlets's pad; in that Edington comes in a shopkeeper and maltster—a good man for one or two shillings; then go away for Warminster; you need not go into Westbury under the Plain, for there are two queer Dukes just by, their names are—— ——; then go from Warminster to Longbridge Deverel; the first comes in for one shilling; one of the Church Wardens lives in your road between Warminster and the parish, a little way from Warminster, I think he is a shopkeeper, you may *bite them* both, the other is the Parson's son, you are sure of him for a shilling or two. Then go to Sutton—you may get four or five shillings there; tell the Wardyear of Sutton that you came from the last pad; dont tell him you came from Deverel or Warminster, for that is out of your *Slee*; then you must inquire the way over the Downs to Hindon; there is a lone farm on the Down about two miles before you come to Hindon, that farm is a pad of itself, and is a sure house for a sixpence or a shilling; lay at Sarah Shillingham's at Hindon; go to the school master at Hindon for he is Overseer of a pad called Scop; he will give you a shilling. You may go from Hindon first to Tisbury; dont touch one house there for there are two or three curs'd rogues in it; so let it alone; go through it and inquire the way to a little parish called Swakely, in that pad comes in the Wardyear; he is a farmer there; then go to Sapely unto my Lord Arundal's, so over the Hill to Broad Chalk, and so *Home*."

THE FILLE DE CHAMBRE;

OR, THE FAIR DREAMER.

AN ANECDOTE.

MR. Juvernile, a gentleman of some eminence in the law, at his decease left a widow, a son, and a daughter. In the catalogue of his personal effects, which were considerable, was a curious and valuable gold watch, which master Bobby thought he had a right to, and to take immediate possession of

of; but the extreme regard which Mrs. Juvernile demonstrated for her husband's pocket companion, blasted his hopes and expectation.

Whether Mrs. Juvernile was then young or gay, the writer has never heard; but as master Bobby, her son, had at that period finished his education, it is probable that she was not very young. She had however, it seems, a very great regard for trinkets and curious works of mechanism: she set her affections so strongly on the gold watch and its appendages, and expressed such a peculiar veneration for it, that master Bobby despaired, and concluded, that it was his mamma's intention to retain it in her own custody during her life. This action was looked upon by master Bobby as arbitrary and unjust; he was displeased, and much mortified at it; but what could he do?—Mrs. Juvernile was his mother, how then could he wish or attempt to rob her of the pleasing satisfaction, of beholding her late husband's watch hanging at her side, lying before her on the table, or amusing her weighty hours with its constant and innocent, tick, tick, tick—affection and duty were probably some restraint upon his passions, but prudential motives probably greater; he was therefore silent, never once hinting the wishes of his heart; yet he was unhappy and dissatisfied about the matter.

In the number of Mrs. Juvernile's domestics, was a clever handy female, sprightly, ingenious, and adroit; adapted, by a happy temper and abilities, for all things.—In the chamber, parlour, or kitchen, Dolly was sure to shine, and obtain repetitions of the praises and commendations of her employers: she would roast and boil, pickle and pot, or decorate a table with equal dexterity; but was famous for making a bed, which, for smoothness and evenness, she would make to vie with a tennis table. Dolly, about the time when Mrs. Juvernile cast off her sable weeds for dappled grey, lost all her accustomed sprightliness and adroitness; seemed scarcely to know where she was or what about; was thoughtful, confused, and agitated, making mistakes in all her words and actions. Mrs. Juvernile saw with concern poor Dolly's strange and agitated condition; and said, what is the matter with you Dolly? you are not well this morning; what is the matter?—I dont know, replied Dolly, I feel sadly, yet I am pretty well, I thank you madam; and shall get the better of it presently I hope. Get the better of what, asked Mrs. Juvernile? has any body frightened you? No, madam, said Dolly, but I was so dreadfully and terribly frighted by a fearful dream last night. Frighted by a dream, said Mrs. Juvernile smiling; why, Dolly, I thought you to have had too much spirit to be frighted by a dream. I have thought so myself, answered Dolly, and have many times laughed and jeered at those who have talked about being scared by dreams; but I will never do so again, nor ever boast of my courage more; for I'm almost scared out of my wits. Well, Dolly, said Mrs. Juvernile, try to compose yourself, and tell me your dream, and the effects of it will perhaps wear off the sooner; you know it was nothing more than a dream, and therefore you should endeavour to get the better of it. I know it, madam, and will, if it be possible, conquer it; but I'm almost afraid to tell it, for fear you should be alarmed yourself, for my dream was about you and my poor dear good master.

Mrs. Juvernile repeated her request, and Dolly related her dream as well as her perturbed state of mind would allow. "Madam, I dreamt as how I was setting this very

very room a little to rights, and you were sitting at the table, working a ruffle for master Bobby, when, all on a sudden, bang flew the door open, and in dashed my poor master, and he was in a most grievous passion, such a rage as I never saw him in all my life; and he had got the old rusty sword in his hand, and he flew up to you, and oh, how he did brandish the sword over your head; and then he pointed it to your breast, and said, 'I tell you Mrs. Juvernile, Bobby shall have the watch: I say, madam, Bobby shall have the watch.' I thought as how you trembled every joint, and was going to faint—I looked for nothing but ruination, murder, and destruction, and was going to shriek out for help, and that waked me. But, oh, what a fearful trembulation was I in, and had not Betty waked and spoke to me, I should certainly have gone into fits. I would not have another such a dream for all the whole vershall world."

Mrs. Juvernile became very thoughtful and serious; she endeavoured to reconcile and compose the mind of her favourite, but said no more about her dream—After having dined, she took the watch from her side, held it in her right hand; in her left a cambrick handkerchief to catch the falling tear.—"My dear Bobby," said she, "I am now going to put your dear father's favourite watch into your hands; take care of it; and never, oh never forget the good advice and salutary admonitions which you have at various times received from him."—Master Bobby received the shining, pleasing object, with a suitable reply, and a countenance that told the wishes of his heart gratified; Mrs. Juvernile was easy and contented in her mind; Dolly recovered her composed and vivacious state, and soon after sported an elegant new gown. That all alarming dreams may end as auspiciously as the above, is the hearty and sincere wish of the writer. A. B.

A ROAD RACE,

Between Mrs. Potter, and the Turnpike Gate Man.

THE Bucks of Brighton have not been a little amused by the adventures of the *celebrated Cyprian*, Mrs. Potter, in returning to her house near Fitzroy-square, London. After *opening the Ball* at a hop in Bartholomew Fair, she went to Brighton for a few weeks in *fine feather* and *golden plumage*. There she dashed about in her light blue chariot, or on horseback, keeping two saddle horses and a footman, besides her carriage; now she was seen in simple muslins, her hair lank like a water nymph; next in a riding habit, mounted; then in silks of yellow, blue, and scarlet; afterwards in crape, silver, feathers, and diamonds; "Laced shoes, pink hose, garter'd above the knee." She would appear on the Steyne in half a dozen dresses per day, all made of the best materials, though sometimes of an eccentric fashion, and most gaudy colours. She lived in all respects in a most dashing stile; but there was no appearance of the source from whence she drew her wealth: she seemed to have no particular friend or protector. At last, however, the *golden dream was out*, and the Protean nymph began to hum the chorus in *Macbeth*, "*We fly by night.*" Accordingly, about midnight, on Wednesday the 6th inst. in *high spirits* and jovial, she mounted the coach-box with *coachy*, put the child she keeps into the chariot, and set off for town full gallop, the footman following with the saddle horses. Arriving at the turnpike on this side Cuckfield, the carriage passed through

through, and the footman, with the horses, was left to pay turnpike. The footman said he had no money; and, rather insolently, that he could not pay. The turnpike man, who is a most resolute dog, made up to the carriage, and insisted on payment. But Mrs. Potter seemed inclined to give him "more kicks than halfpence;" she poured on him a torrent of abuse, decorated by those flowers of oratory which are used at Bartholomew Fair, swearing if she had a pistol she would blow his brains out. The turnpike-man, though stout-hearted, was not a little astonished to see so *fair* a lady in so *fine* an equipage, so well up to his own *slang*; and fearing the odds were too much against him to enter into a contest with the *baggage* and *escort*, he retreated home: but immediately saddled a fleet courser, and pursued, that he might stop the party at Crawley-gate. The race between the parties on the road was most desperate, *Hambletonian* and *Diamond* all the way; but the turnpike-man beat the chariot, and procured the Crawley gate to be shut against its further progress.—The turnpike-man, in conformity to an Act of Parliament, which imposes a penalty of five pounds on any one refusing to pay turnpike, seized one of the chariot horses, and, with assistance, obtained possession. To ride into town with one chariot horse, this Mrs. Potter could not do. The noise awakened the people of the inn at Crawley, and the whole village turned out. Mrs. Potter being asked who she was, said she was the wife of a Merchant, a Lord, a General, a Baronet, &c. She seemed to have seven husbands; and the landlord thought she was a Turk; as he had heard of a plurality of wives, he thought there might be a plurality of husbands. At last, the landlord of the Inn at Crawley, advised her to pay the five pounds.—This she agreed to do, but had *no money*, and was obliged to leave her saddle horses in pawn for the sum. Since her arrival in London, she has consulted her attorney, who has advised an action against the turnpike-man.

The foregoing we have copied from one of the daily papers, and if overcharged in the description, the following will *lower it*, as distillers do their SPIRITS, by adding water to them:

A Gentleman, who happened to be on the road in his way to town, from Brighton, on Thursday last, in passing through Crawley, saw a piece of improper conduct practised on a Mrs. Potter, by a turnpike-man, who farms the gates on that road. Mrs. Potter's carriage, through a neglect in the servants, passed through the gate without paying the toll. The man followed her carriage, and took off one of the horses, and insisted on five pounds, as a compensation, which Mrs. Potter paid him; he afterwards insisted on another five pounds, which she refused to comply with, and he has still detained her horses. The writer of this paragraph is induced to insert this, from seeing a false and scandalous account given of this transaction in the Morning Post of this day.—*Oct.* 14.

DEATH OF

JOHN HEATHCOTE, ESQ.

AS this gentleman was returning from Margate on Monday morning, the 4th of October, on entering the George yard, at Dartford, one of the wheels went against the gate-post, at the entrance, and the shock threw Mr. H. out, over the back part of the vehicle; he fell upon his head on the gravel. The concussion was so violent, as to fracture his skull in a dreadful manner.

ner. The servant, with the assistance of the hostler, lifted up his unfortunate master. When he recovered the shock, which was not till some time had elapsed, mental derangement followed, and in that state, what with the excruciating pain he suffered, and the disorganized state of his faculties, he endeavoured to destroy every thing about him. With difficulty he was secured, but his strength was so great, that it required six men to hold him. He was put to bed, and expresses were immediately forwarded to Sir Walter Farquhar and Lady Heathcote. Her Ladyship received the melancholy news preparing to dress for the ball at Margate. Sir Walter Farquhar attended; and, from the report of a Gentleman who accompanied him, the situation of the unfortunate sufferer, was almost too dreadful to describe. The gravel on which he fell, was so completely buried in the skull, that although a great quantity had been extracted, it was found impossible to remove the whole. In this shocking situation he remained till the Thursday night at nine o'clock, when he expired. He was brother to Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Bart. a Gentleman of the Turf, and the same whose horse fell, and rolled over him at Newmarket last summer.

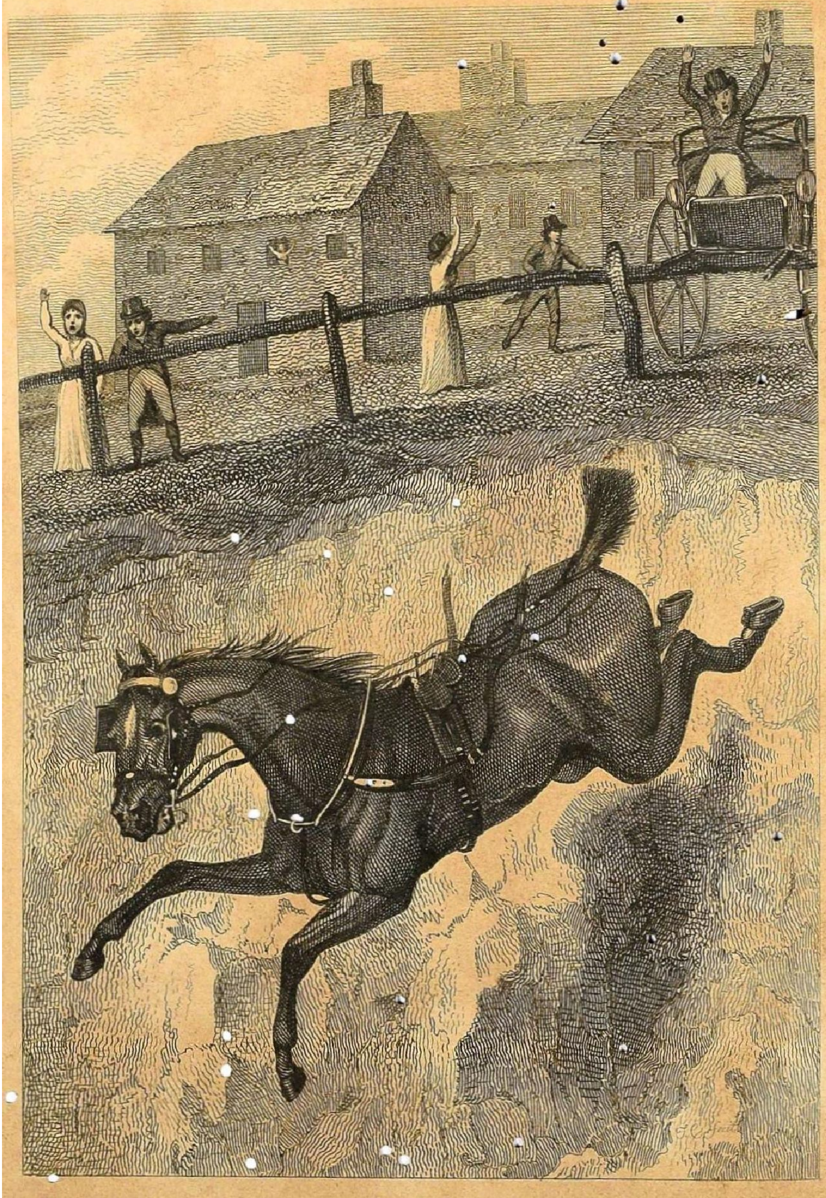
Mr. Heathcote having died without a will, his estates in Lincolnshire, which amount to 9000l. per annum, will devolve to his eldest brother, Sir Gilbert Heathcote, member for the county: so will his seat in the country, and his house in town.

DEATH OF

LIEUT. WILLIAM FRASER.

ON Tuesday, the 19th instant, were interred, with military honours, at St. James's Chapel, Tottenham-court Road, the remains of Lieutenant Fraser, late of the 1st Regiment of Life Guards. The spectacle was unusually grand, solemn, and impressive.

As many erroneous and contradictory accounts have been given in the public papers, of the melancholy accident which occasioned his death, we think it may not be improper to state the following particulars, upon authority:—On the Tuesday preceding, the 12th, he was on his way to Ramsgate, in a tandem, accompanied by his groom. About three miles beyond Canterbury, he overtook a waggon, on an uneven part of the road. He was at all times, a steady and cautious driver; and, in truth, his extreme caution on this occasion, proved fatal to him. That he might be at as great a distance as possible from the waggon, he unhappily drove too near the hedge, in which a post concealed in the quickset, coming in contact with the wheel of the tandem, overset it. The servant being on the near side, fell short of the waggon; but Mr. Fraser was thrown from a greater height, to a greater distance, and unfortunately fell between the fore and hind wheels of the waggon, which passed over the lower part of his breast. When he was raised from the ground, he said to his servant, "John, don't leave me—I am a dead man." His servant having supported him against the hedge, and committed him to the humanity of some persons who were looking on, disengaged the leader from the traces, and rode full speed to Canterbury for professional assistance. In the mean time, Mr. Fraser was conveyed, on a hurdle, covered with straw, to the Swan Inn, at the little village of Sturry, about a quarter of a mile from the spot where the fatal accident happened. He complained of being cold; and called



Horse falling from a Precipice.

Pub. Nov. 1 1808, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

called for some brandy and water. When the Surgeon arrived, Mr. Fraser begged that he might be bled; but the Surgeon, on examining his pulse, and finding it low and languid, and his body extremely cold, declared he could not venture to do so; but requested that he would suffer himself to be conveyed to Canterbury, where all proper attention might be paid him. He acquiesced; for he was by this time incapable of opposition. He was put into a post chaise, in which, supported by the Surgeon, and his faithful attendant, he was conveyed to Canterbury with as much expedition as the nature of his situation would admit. When he reached the King's Head Inn at Canterbury, the Surgeon ventured to bleed him, and administered some other remedies, but in vain, for in about a quarter of an hour he expired, after a slight convulsion. Thus perished, in the bloom of youth, a Gentleman, of whom his friends had justly entertained the most sanguine expectations. He was in person, remarkably handsome; frank and easy in his manners; of a manly deportment, and sound and firm principles. His untimely fate has excited a very great degree of sympathy, and has been to his friends and connections a cause of the deepest affliction.

A HORSE PRECIPITATED INTO THE SEA,

An Engraving, to face this Page.

THE accident which gave rise to this design and engraving, is detailed in an article from Broadstairs, dated September 1, which says, the following most extraordinary circumstance, and instance of wonderful preservation from destruction, occurred at this place on Saturday last.—As Captain Laing, a Gentleman in the army, who, with his mother, has lodgings here, was on that day driving his gig down the road from St. Peter's, into ~~this village~~, by some accident the animal took fright in coming down the hill, ran with great violence past the corner in the open street, and took for the Parade on the beach, which is directly opposite. In the small distance between the high road and the Parade is an iron bar placed across the railing, to prevent carriages passing. The Captain, aware of this railing, crouched in the chaise, which passed within an inch of the top, and of his head. Within four yards was the cliff, on the edge of which was a strong railing: upon reaching which the horse made a bold leap over it, but the strong post of the railing caught one of the wheels of the chaise, by which means the shafts were broken off short, the horse and harness precipitated into the sea, and the chaise and driver left behind. It is most happy for Mr. Laing that the horse attempted to leap the railing when he came to it; for had he, on the contrary, forced himself against it, it would easily have given way, and inevitable destruction to him would have been the consequence; as it was, Mr. Laing escaped without the least injury. The chaise was broken, and the poor animal was dashed to pieces at the bottom of the cliff.

The above subject, being of a horse falling into the sea, the great difficulty was in representing the animal in that dreadful situation. An artist of ordinary talents would not have attempted it. The *youngest* Sartorius has, however, evinced what he is capable of; and, from the late specimens of his rising abilities, bids fair to rank amongst the first of that class of painters to which he belongs.

A HORSE IMPOUNDED.

An Action tried at York Assizes, August, 1802.

GIBSON, A PAUPER, *v.* WEBSTER.

THIS was an action to recover eight guineas, as the value of a horse belonging to the plaintiff, which the defendant (an opulent farmer, owner of the lands adjoining the spot of ground rented by the plaintiff for the pasture of this animal) had destrained and impounded for such a length of time without food, that it died.

The plaintiff, in his declaration averred, that his horse had strayed out of his close into the defendant's fields, by reason of the negligence of the defendant in not keeping his fences in proper repair: the defendant denied this; insisted that his fences were in good repair, and that it was not through any gap in the fence that the horse had strayed, but that it had been purposely turned into his field in the night; the truth of this plea was the issue to be tried in the present action.

Mr. Park, on the part of the plaintiff stated, that this cause was of the utmost importance to his client; like the poor man's *only lamb*, this animal was to the plaintiff the only property he had possessed on the face of the earth, and he had lost it through the act of the defendant; it only remained to be seen, whether the defendant could maintain the plea he had set up, or whether the poor man's story was not the truth.

A farmer, of the name of Webster, cousin to the defendant, and landlord to the plaintiff, proved, that the defendant's fences were not in good repair, and that there were many gaps through which this animal might have strayed into the defendant's fields, without any intention on the part of the plaintiff.

Other witnesses proved the feeble and emaciated state of the horse, when it returned from the place in which the plaintiff had impounded it, and that it died a few days afterwards.

Serjeant Cockel, made a very humorous speech on the part of the defendant; he said, he pitied, as every man must, the misfortunes of the plaintiff, who, he understood, was afflicted not only with poverty, but blindness; but he was instructed to state, that although the plaintiff might be blind, yet that he had a daughter who was not blind, but had a pair of as *sparkling roguish* eyes as any in the parish; this girl, he was instructed to say, used, *out of compassion*, every night to open the gate of this little barren spot rented by the plaintiff, and upon which the animal could hardly pick a blade of grass all the day time: *this hint* was never misunderstood by the animal, although it was a horse not very famous for either beauty or action; and its merits had never been recorded in the chronicles of *Racing Intelligence*; yet it was an animal of great sagacity, and knew, as well as any horse in the neighbourhood, how to find out the best and sweetest grass in the parish, when the field gates were thrown open, by the compassionate kindness of that fair damsel, the plaintiff's daughter. He was instructed that he should be able to prove, that this horse had been seen late in the evening before it was impounded, straying in the lane to which the defendant's fields communicated by gates; and that the morning on which the horse had been found in the defendant's field and impounded, the defendant's gate was found open, and the mark of this horse's foot, which was remarkably small and ill formed, was distinctly to be seen at the entrance into the field by the gate.

Several witnesses on the part of the defendant swore, that the fences were

were

were in good repair, and that this horse's foot was so remarkable, that the marks of it might well be sworn to.

The defendant's son, in giving an account of the destraining and impounding this animal, said, that on going into the field in the morning, he saw the gate open, and the footsteps of this horse about it; he then seeing the horse in the field, brought it, by his father's directions, to one of his out-houses, and gave it hay; that they afterwards returned to the field, and looked all round at the hedges to see whether there was any gap by which the horse might have got in; but they found the hedges in perfect order.

Lord Ellenborough observed to the Jury, that whenever he saw an unusual solicitude to prove minute circumstances in a cause, he examined that cause with a greater suspicion. Some of this cunning was displayed in the conduct of the defendant's cause, but more in the witnesses who supported the plaintiff.

The defendant's son, for example, had told a story, which appeared to him utterly void of probability; he had completely overshot the mark; that witness said, that the first thing they did with this horse (that had been stuffing itself all night in a good pasture) was to *give it hay*. Secondly, he said that his father and he went round the field to examine whether there was any gap in the fence through which the horse could have got in; but for what purpose did they look? The witness said, that on his first coming into the field he found the gate open, and saw plainly the remarkable footsteps of this animal; well-knowing, then, that the horse came in at the gate, what was the use of examining the gaps? Those circumstances utterly destroyed the credit of the story in his mind; it was the province of the Jury to pronounce which story was the most probable.

Verdict for the plaintiff—EIGHT GUINEAS.

GENERAL COURT-MARTIAL

ON CAPTAIN HENRY LEE.

A General Court Martial was assembled at the Royal Marine Barracks, Chatham, on the 10th of September, and continued, by adjournments, to the 18th of October, 1802, to try Captain Henry Lee, of that corps, on the undermentioned Charges, exhibited against him by First Lieutenant John Hand:

1st, For ungentleman-like conduct to Lieutenant Hand.

2d, For being drunk on the dock-guard, on the night of the 17th of August last.

SENTENCE.

The Court having maturely and deliberately considered the evidence for and against the prisoner, as well as what he had to offer in his defence, is of opinion, he is not guilty of the first charge, viz. Ungentleman-like conduct towards Mr. Hand; and do therefore most honourably acquit him. And having also maturely and deliberately considered the evidence for and against the prisoner, as well as what he had to offer in his defence, is of opinion he is not guilty on the second charge, viz. of being drunk on the dock guard, on the night of the 17th of August last, and do therefore most honourably acquit him. And the Court is further of opinion, that both charges are groundless and vexatious, and originating in malice; and that the conduct of Lieutenant Hand, in running his rounds, with a view to entrap his commanding officer; in hesitating to obey his orders, thereby

by endeavouring to irritate him; in sending Lieutenant Drummond into the guard-room, as a spy on his conduct; in asking the opinion of some of the non-commissioned officers of the Guard, whether their Captain was drunk; in holding a conversation with Captain Lee's servant, respecting his master's situation; convening the subalterns in the detached dock guard-room, before he was relieved, without the consent of his commanding officer; and the expressions he made use of to Mr. Scott, all tending to the subversion of military discipline, and the good of his Majesty's service; is disgraceful to himself, as an officer and a gentleman. This Court feel themselves called upon to point out, in a particular manner, the very extraordinary proposal made by Lieutenant Noble, to raise a subscription among the subalterns, for the purpose of prosecuting Capt. Lee;—a proposal subversive of all good order and military discipline. And the Court is also of opinion, that the conduct of Lieutenants Crockat and Hill, in giving their testimony before the Court of Inquiry, and this Court, is highly honourable, and much to their credit, as officers and gentlemen.

The sentence was read in open Court; after which the President delivered Captain Lee his sword, with an appropriate speech on the occasion.

DOUBTS ON THE IMMERSION OF SWALLOWS.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

VERY different are the sentiments of a certain class of philosophers respecting the winter retreats of the swallows; some of these profound thinkers, expressing a belief that they lie dormant in caves and coal pits; while others, of more capacious credulity, endeavour to persuade us that these birds are subject to annual resurrections from the bottoms of lakes and ponds. It would certainly afford great satisfaction to many of your readers to hear these ingenious men account for the continuance of the circulation of the blood through the lungs of the feathered race, during their winter immersion; as the art of keeping alive an animal under water, who owes its usual continuance in life to a free use of atmospheric air, will be a greater discovery, and more flattering to science, than all the wonders of modern philosophy.

It may be agreeable to the naturalist to learn; that, in the months of November, December, January, and February, in each year, the inhabitants of Jamaica have a regular visit of millions of the swallow family; not one of whom is to be seen there at any other season of the year. Your's, &c.

A NATURALIST.

NEW

THEATRICAL PERFORMERS.

SEVERAL new performers, besides Mr. Stephen Kemble, mentioned in the early part of this Magazine, have made their appearance since opening the theatres this season, viz. Mr. Dwyer, and Mr. Cherry, in the comic line, at Drury-lane. Miss Marriott, who has played Clarinda, Mrs. Sullen, and Jane Shore, at Covent Garden. And Mr. Collins, from the Southampton Theatre, at Drury-lane: his first essay was Jabel, in the Jew; and Robin Roughhead, in Fortune's Frolic:—They all possess, the Lady in particular, a very considerable portion of merit; and on which we may be induced to descant in our next Magazine.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT,

OR

SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

SAM SMATTER, at the Apollo in Pantaloons, the corner of Parnassus-Alley, acquaints Publishers and Editors of every denomination, that he has laid in a large assortment of *Good Things*, *Jests*, *Witticisms*, and *Bon Mots*, of every kind, well worth their attention.—Also a quantity of *Literary Seedlings*, such as *Epigrams*, wanting nothing but *point*—*Conundrums*, complete in all but *explanation*—*Rebusses* and *Acrostics*, excellent, except in *rational solution*—*Impromtus*, prepared at a week's notice—*Puns*, at per dozen, in alphabetical order—*Jokes*, upon all subjects, ready cut and dried—*Attic Salt*, in small quantities—*Marvellous Paragraphs* by *weight*—*Stock-Fallers* and *Risers*, with directions how to use them—*Gala-Descriptions* and *Association Speeches*, made to any measure, at the shortest notice.—N. B. *Jokes* and *Puns*, for circuit use, will be sold with large allowance—*Obituary Characters* of the true *panegyric-flavour* are kept ready made for every age, sex, and profession—*University Wit* is necessarily raised in price, from the late scarcity and bad harvests—A fresh assortment of *Flag furling Orations*, expected by the *Pacific* packet—*Parliamentary Debates*, planned for the next Sessions, with Speeches and Replies *to fit*, of every kind of Rhetoric.

WANTED—an expert *Nabob Hunter*, for a great assembly.—N. B. He need not have been in *India*. A *Political-abuse-Smith* may also hear of constant employment.

A *Seedsman*, in the neighbourhood of Thames-street, having been chosen Churchwarden of an adjoining parish, was called upon by the Organist, who had the misfortune to be blind, for the payment of 5*l.* being the amount of a quarter's salary; and addressing himself to the Shopman, "I come," says he, "for a quarter's salary." "You cannot have a *quart of Celery*," replied the Shopman; "it is not our custom to serve it by the *quart*, *Sir*."—"I am sorry for it, indeed," rejoins the Organist; "I have always been accustomed to receive it in that way; and it will put me to much inconvenience to alter the plan: and it surely cannot be a great object to your Master."—The Shopman, not knowing how to proceed, informed his Master, who accused him of having made some blunder, and came himself to right the business. "Friend," says the new made Churchwarden, "what amount of Celery did you say you wanted?"—"Five Pounds, Sir," —"There, John," says the Seedsman,

man, "I told you it would turn out one of your blunders—nothing can be more clear; put up the Gentleman 5lbs. of Celery."—The Shopman having finished the job, was very politely proceeding to place the parcel under the blind man's arm, who, wondering at the circumstance, could not help crying, "What are you at now, Friend?" "Why only giving you the 5lbs. of Celery," says the Shopman. "What the Devil," replies the impatient Organist, "is it all halfpence?"

IN the Dublin Theatre it is the custom of the *Irish* Gods to express their dislike or approbation of any person or performance by calling for a *groan* or a *clap*. Whilst the Union was in agitation, and the Ex-Minister very unpopular, *Blue Beard* happened to be represented, when, after the celebrated Duetto of "Pit-a-Pat, Pit-a-Pat," &c. a fellow in the gallery roared out—"Come now, my honeys! a *groan* for PITT, and a *clap* for PAT."

THE late Rev. Mr. Cambridge, in his thirst of knowledge, was sometimes apt to be a little too credulous. Being informed that *Camels* had been found in some parts of America, he asked a Scots gentleman, who had just returned from that country, whether he had really seen any *Camels* while he was there, "Oh! yes," said the Caledonian, in pure simplicity, "plenty of *Campbells!*"

THE same gentleman, as it is well known, was one of the chief literary props of the periodical paper, entitled *The World*. Mr. Moore, the conductor of that Paper, in any extremity, constantly applied to his friend Cambridge, upon whose fertile genius and friendly promptitude he could always rely. It happened that an application of this kind was made to Mr. Cambridge on a Sunday; afterwards, during the service at Church, he appeared so much wrapped in thought, that, when it was over, he was gently rebuked by a lady for suffering his mind to wander from the solemn purpose of the place. "I assure you, madam," said he "you are mistaken, for my thoughts were really employed upon the *next World*."

ONE of the Dover innkeepers, lately complaining to a French gentleman, that his house was greatly infested with rats, and that he would willingly give a considerable sum to get rid of them, was, on the following morning, and after the Frenchman had received his bill, accosted by him, "Sure, I shall tell you vich way you shall get rid of de rat."—"I will be obliged very much to you, if you can," replied the landlord. "Vell den, only charge de rat as you charge me, and I vill be d—d if de rat ever come to *your* house again."

As Suett and Bannister were walking a few days since in Piccadilly, a fellow on the roof of one of the Bath coaches, roared out, "How are you *Dicky Gossip?*"—"Why," exclaimed Suett, "how should that man know me?"—"Easily enough," replied Bannister, "don't you see he is *on the Stage*."

A YOUNG fellow was arraigned at the Assizes of Maryborough, in Ireland, on a charge of having married three wives, in the short space of ten months. The prisoner, on hearing the Judge express his surprise at the enormity of the offence, exclaimed—"My Lord, I am now sorry for what I have done, but I was then on the *recruiting* service."

FROM

FROM THE EPITOME OF WIT;

OR

Good Things lately published. Many of them never before in print.

A PLAYER'S BIBLE.

A CLERGYMAN having written some observations on Shakespeare's plays, carried a specimen of his performance to Mr. Sheridan, and desired his opinion; "Sir," said Mr. Sheridan, "I wonder people wont mind their own affairs: you may spoil your own *Bible*, if you please, but pray let our's alone."

AN alehouse girl took it into her head to be catechised at Church; and the Parson asking her name, Lord Sir, said she, sure you know my name, when you come to our hourse so often, and cry out ten times in an evening, "Nan, you w—e, Bring 's another full pot."

A HORSE AND A GALLOWAY.

THE famous Dr. Galloway, so remarkable for his surprising cures in the Veterinary line, passing along the street, a young man called after him, Dr. Horse! Dr. Horse! at which the Doctor turned round and said, "Is it me you want? My name is *Galloway*, and not *Horse*."—"Why," replied the wag, "What difference is there between a *Horse* and a *Galloway*?"

NEW PARLIAMENT.

The following whimsical Epitome of the New House of Commons may not be unacceptable:—

A *Gardner*, with a *Garland*, and two *Roses* without a *Thorn*.—Twelve *Smiths*, with many *Stewards*, *Butlers*, and *Cooks*.—An *Orchard*, with *Lemons*.—A *Cartwright*, with a *Pole*.—A *Martin*, and two *Rooks*.—A *Park*, with a *Hunting field*, a *Warren*, a *Fox*, and a *Hare*.—Two *Bastards*, with two *Wards*.—A *Hill*, with two *Towns-ends*.—Two *Brooks*, and a *Trench*.—A *Taylor*, with a *Spencer*.—A *Wood*, with a *Forrester*.—Three *Camels*, a *Bullock*, and two *Lambs*.—A *Moor*, with *Birch Broom*, *Hawthorn*, and *Beech*.—A *Bishop*, with *Parsons*, a *Chaplain*, and an *Abbot*.—A *Temple*, and five *Fanes*—Two *Pits*, with *Coals*.—A *Baker*, with *White-bread*.—And a *Man* and a *Hussey* with only one *Patten*.

THE Death of a *Miser* was lately announced in an American Paper thus:—"On Friday last died Josiah Bramtree, of Bennington, at the age of ninety-eight. He retained his *money* to the last!"

AN Irish soldier pretending dumbness, and the surgeon of the regiment, after several attempts to restore him, declaring him incurable, was discharged. He, a short time afterwards enlisted in another corps, and being recognised by an old comrade, and questioned how he learnt to speak, "By St. Patrick," replied Terence, "*ten guineas would make any man speak!*"

As a thief was going to the gallows out of town near Norwich, many Boys run to see the Execution, when he called to them saying, "Boys, you need not make so much haste, for there will be no sport till I come."

A KENTISH newspaper advertises a General Quarter Sessions of the Peace for this day, when it says—"those who are on recognisance for *bastardy* and *other parish business*, must give their attendance."

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

MATCHES AGAINST TIME.

ABOUT the middle of this month, a bet of a hundred and twenty guineas, between R. Jones, Esq. of Fonmon-Castle, Glamorganshire, and Captain Haskew, of the 15th light dragoons, was determined in favour of the latter gentleman. The match was, that Mr. Jones's chariot, drawn by four horses, should run from the Bell Inn, in Gloucester, to the turnpike leading into Cheltenham, a distance of about ten miles, in forty minutes; but it having been deemed necessary to change horses on the road, the time was exceeded by six minutes and a half.

ANOTHER match has since been determined between the same parties, in which Mr. Jones betted six hundred and fifty guineas that he would travel post from Gloucester to London, in his chariot and four, in ten hours and a half. The distance is about one hundred and four miles. He accordingly started at four o'clock in the morning, and, after changing horses eight times, reached Tyburn turnpike at one o'clock—an hour and a half within the time stipulated, being at the rate of eleven miles and a half per hour, exclusive of unavoidable stoppages at the different stages.

IN the beginning of this month, Mr. Banks, a farmer at Sevington, undertook, for a wager of five guineas, to carry a sack of wheat, weighing two hundred and forty pounds, a mile without resting; which he performed with apparent ease in twenty-one minutes.

THIS month, was held at Aberdeen, the October Meeting of the *Northern Shooting Club*. Among the company present were, the Marquis of Huntly, Lord and Lady Erroll, Lord Aboyne, Lord Ruthven, Lady Harriot Hay, the Lady Keith, Sir William Forbes, and Sir William Johnston. Several good matches were run upon the race-ground, between the Marquis of Huntly, Lord Ruthven, Mr. Alexander Gordon, and other gentlemen, and some hack races afforded good sport.

A PRODIGIOUS flight of woodcocks during the present month have been seen at sea, and numbers have pitched on the southern coast of Ireland, and in the fields near Margate. They are so weakened by fatigue, owing to the contrary winds, that the peasants knock them down with their sticks; and they are so poor that they are scarcely worth killing. These, we shall be told, are a certain prognostic of an hard winter; but that opinion has often proved fallacious.

THIS season three gentlemen shot a hundred and fifty-four brace of birds in the Island of Mull, in seven day's sport. It rained the greatest part of the time; and they never shot at a hen that had her young brood about her.

A GENTLEMAN

A GENTLEMAN in Kent, where more exertion is used to preserve game, from *poachers*, than in this county, on the first day of September, shot thirty brace of partridges, fifteen brace of which he unmercifully slaughtered before breakfast!

A BOXING Match for five guineas a side, took place on Tuesday evening, the 19th, at Mile-End, Old Town, between one Williams a ship-carpenter; and Jonas, a Jew; when, after a contest of thirty-six minutes, victory was declared in favour of Williams, who broke the Jew's jaw-bone, and materially injured his eyes.

On Thursday afternoon, October the 14th, some of the amateurs of boxing, near Whitechapel, effected a match between two well-known females of Ratcliff Highway; from the contrast of their bulk, distinguished by the names of the *Farthing Rush light*, and the *Walking Tun*. After a very few rounds, victory declared in favour of the *Rush-light*; not because the *Tun* was devoid of *bottom*, but deficient in *breath*.

ABOUT the beginning of the present month, a pitched battle was fought in the Cottager's Piece, near Nuneaton, between T. Cart and James Sidwell. The combatants set too about twelve o'clock. In the first four rounds, there was hard fighting, and many severe blows struck, but Cart had the advantage, which caused the beats to run greatly in his favour; the odds being a hundred guineas to ten: though for several weeks prior to the battle taking place, they were greatly in Sidwell's favour. The contest lasted an hour and ten minutes, during which time they had nearly sixty rounds, when Sidwell, finding the battle was greatly against him, gave in. Considerable sums were lost on the occasion, and the knowing ones were completely taken in.

A GRINNING match lately took place at Fowey. The prize a roll of tobacco. A *Cobler* and a *Taylor*, entered the lists; *snob* was three grins a head, when a fellow, who had betted deeply on *snip*, contrived to *tread* on one of his *corns*, which had such an effect upon his countenance, that he instantly gained the prize.

ON Saturday, the 16th, as Mr. Welsh, horse-dealer, in Oxford-street, was attending the operation of nicking a horse, the animal not being properly secured, kicked Mr. W. in the stomach, by which accidence he was thrown to a considerable distance, and died instantly. As the death was sudden, the Coroner's inquest is to sit upon his body.

THREE men were some time ago playing at *Ombre* in Mecklenburg, when one of them, upon looking at his cards, said, he would play a *Sans Prendre*—but, at that moment, was seized with an apoplectic fit, and dropped dead from his chair. One of his companions ran out the moment he dropped, to fetch medical assistance—the other took up the cards, which had fallen from the dead man's hands, and having examined them, said, very coolly—"*If he had played upon that hand, he would certainly have lost.*"

ON Sunday night, the 10th inst. as the Moon rose, a large black body was seen, on the Godwin Sands; it was supposed to be a ship with her masts cut away, and several boats launched from Deal to her assistance, but on a near approach, it was discovered to be a very large whale which measured eighty feet long, and twenty in diameter. The animal was alive a considerable time after it was got on shore, and died through its violent exertions to get into the sea. The return of the tide washed it into deep water, and it has not been seen since.

At the end of last month, was caught alive, in the nursery garden of Mess. Brown, at Slough, a bird of the blackbird species, with its plumage nearly all of a clear and beautiful white, excepting a black feather in each wing, and some on the head; it is a very fine young bird, but had the misfortune to lose its tail at the time it was caught, in which was only one black feather, the others were entirely white.

BATTLE OF THE PIKES.

As a gentleman of Lewes, was lately walking by the side of a ditch near Old Malling, he discovered, in shallow water, and in sharp conflict, two hungry pikes, whose object was to devour each other, but which he prevented by commencing hostilities against both, and bringing them captives to the shore. The one, being wounded in the piscatory engagement, he quickly conquered, but the other was not so soon subdued, though he at length effected it, by the sturdy application of his cane. They were nearly equal in size, and rendered the more voracious, from their boundaries being limited by the lowness of the water.

A beautiful Antelope, which was lately brought from the Mediterranean, by Captain Paget, in the Hydra frigate, and landed at Portsmouth, has since been brought to London.

On the evening of Friday the 15th, as Mrs. Woolven, of Moakbridge, near Henfield, in Susssx, was retiring to rest, about ten o'clock in the evening, she heard a noise amongst her fowls in a poultry yard adjoining the house, and on going down to discover the cause, found ten chickens lying dead by the side of the hen under which they had been brooding. Alarmed at the loss of so many of her little poultry, she called up her husband, who supposing it must have been occasioned by a stoat or a rat, concealed himself within sight of the spot, in order to discover, and if possible to destroy the murderer, where he had not stood long, before he beheld a hedge-hog, devouring, with great voracity, one of the fallen chickens; and, from his manner, was thoroughly convinced he was the felon who had killed them all!—The gentleman who favoured us with the above account, asks, whether this animal, (which by writers of natural history, is deemed quite innoxious) may not destroy vast numbers of young pheasants, partridges, and other game?

ANECDOTES OF THE SCOTCH GREY'S, &c.

The Scotch Greys, reviewed last month by his Majesty, on Ashford Common, were the favourite regiment of George II. who often took great pleasure in demonstrating his partiality to the corps. When once reviewing them in Hyde-Park, before a French Field-marshal, and a Prince of the House of Bourbon, his Majesty asked the stranger—"Did your Royal Highness ever see a finer corps?"—"They are a very fine corps, indeed: but I think inferior to the *Gens d'Armes*—Did your Majesty ever see them?"—The King, somewhat nettled at the abrupt and unexpected question, replied, in allusion to an achievement of the Scotch Greys, who had once defeated and driven the *Gens d'Armes* into the Danube—"No, but my Scotch Grey's have seen them!"

When the regiment was quartered at Worcester, preparing for the review, and commanded by the late Lieutenant-General John Douglas, then Lieutenant-Colonel, and all the officers had joined; among these were two young gentlemen, who after a long leave of absence, were just returned from France.—"These lads," as Colonel Douglas called

called them, were very talkative at the mess, extolling the appearance of the French troops at a review near Versailles, particularly the *Black Mousquetaires* and the *Gens d'Armes*. The Colonel, some stangers of consequence being present, disliked the conversation so much, that though not addicted to swearing, he broke out, "Well, Sirs, have you done? G—d d—n your *Black Mousquetaires*, and your *Gens d'Armes* too—you may praise them as much as you please; but by G—d the Inniskillens and we, have counted the buttons on their backs a dozen times."

At a review of the Grey's on Black Heath, then commanded by Sir James Campbell, the late King asked the French Ambassador, if he had ever seen a finer corps. The Ambassador replied he had, "much finer troops," and quoted a particular regiment. His Majesty turned to Sir James, and told him what the Ambassador said. Sir James smartly answered, may it please your Majesty, I have *beaten* that very regiment, at the head of the Greys, and will do so *again*, whenever your Majesty pleases to command me."

The above anecdotes reminds us of another respecting the famous regiment of tall men belonging to Frederic the Great of Prussia, of which he was very proud, and which he was continually reviewing. It consisted of a thousand men. Whilst one day at Potsdam, these men were reviewed by his Majesty, the British Ambassador being present, the King said to him—"Did you ever see a thousand finer men than these? Do you think," continued the Monarch, "a *thousand Englishmen* could beat them?" "I really don't know," replied the Ambassador, "but *five hundred* would *try*!"

The following singular occurrence at Harrowgate has been communicated to us by a gentleman recently returned from that place:—A servant had been riding a small stallion poney, the property of a physcian at Manchester; and, on his alighting, slackly retained the rein, whilst he stood with his back towards him; the poney directly seized the man, threw him on the ground, knelt on him, and, in the most vengeful manner, worried him to death. The mangled corpse was rescued with difficulty from the devouring beast.

A descendant of Mother Cole, who has been the greatest bettor at Cricket-matches for some years past, has closed this season by winning, although losing: it is paradoxical, and requires explanation, to those unacquainted with gaming. He made what is called cross or hedging bets; so that he received in cash what he won; and gave his drafts on his banker for what he lost. General L——x, Lord F. B——k, and others, can testify the assertion.

DEATH EXTRAORDINARY.

A few days since died, in Half Moon-street, Piccadilly, the celebrated Miss Poll, of musical memory. This singular and celebrated parrot was one of the three bequests made by his uncle to Colonel O'Kelly; the other two were the estate of Cannons, and the famous horse Eclipse. This uncommonly gifted creature, sung a number of songs in perfect time and tune; and, if she ever made a lapse, she would stop, and go over the passage until her ear was perfectly satisfied. She could express her wants articulately, and give her orders in a manner approaching nearly to rationality. Her age is not known; but it is upwards of thirty years since the late Mr. O'Kelly bought her at Bristol, at the price of one hundred guineas. The Colonel was repeatedly offered five hundred guineas

guineas per annum, by persons who wished to make a public exhibition of the bird; but this, out of tenderness to his favourite, he constantly refused. The body was dissected by Dr. Kennedy and Mr. Brooke; when the muscles of the larynx, which form the voice, were found, from the effect of practice, to be uncommonly strong; but there was no apparent cause for its sudden death.

Poor Poll's levees had been for years attended every morning by people of the first rank and fashion, which, from the Colonel's known urbanity of manners, found an easy access to his house. The ear of this extraordinary bird was more correct than many of our vocal performers, and she was so impatient of insult, that she would stop in the middle of a song, if the company did not preserve the utmost silence.

GREAT MARLBOROUGH-STREET.

A curious examination took place on Tuesday, the 19th inst. respecting a parrot, which was brought to this office in a cage. When the woman who carried it, was called to bring it in, Poll cried out, "No, no!" which caused a great deal of laughter. However, on being brought before the magistrate, notwithstanding her being very talkative, she behaved with great decorum, not uttering a single syllable during the time she remained there. From the statements that were made, it appeared, that on the 11th of August last, a parrot was stolen, with its cage, from the front area of Lady Harriet Gill's house, in Wigmore-street. The following day it was advertised, and posting bills were issued, offering a reward for it. No tidings of Poll were obtained, till about a fortnight ago, when one of the Earl of Wigton's servants passing through Henrietta-street, observed a parrot in a cage, hanging in an area, which he knew to be Lady Harriet Gill's, and which had been presented to her Ladyſhip by Lord Wigton. The bird was now in the possession of the Countess of Granard, whose cook brought it to this office. All the servants of the Earl of Wigton were ready to swear both to the bird and the cage. His Lordship himself attended. He asked the magistrate whether he might be permitted to put his hand in the cage, and tickle the bird's side; because, his Lordship observed, if it were that which had been his, it would bite at him, and make a croaking noise. His Lordship did so, and the effect was produced. But the Countess of Granard's cook said, "Excuse me, my Lord, any parrot will do that, when you hurt it so."

Many of the Countess's servants also attended, who were ready to swear that it was her Ladyship's parrot, and had been presented to her by Lord Berkeley ten years ago. On her Ladyship's going to France, four months ago, she left the bird in the care of the cook. Such, and so positive, were the statements on each side. The Earl of Wigton requested he might have poll till the matter was cleared up: but to this Lady Granard's cook objected, as she said the Countess would not take 50l. for poll; and, on the other side, it was declared, that Lady Harriet Gill would not part with her for double that sum, though it was stated that poll, notwithstanding her present taciturnity, was remarkably talkative, and frequently bestowed on her Ladyship a great deal of abuse, and many vulgar appellations. There were so many witnesses on each side, and all so extremely certain of the fact they respectively advanced, that the matter was not decided; and it was settled that the Earl of Wigton should call on the Earl of Granard in order to investigate, and, if possible, to clear up the business.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

PUSS IN A PARACHUTE.

Written by G. Colman, Esq. and Sung by Mr. Fawcett, at the Theatre-Royal, Haymarket.

I Lodges next floor to the skies,
And I have a vife of my own;
I told her, says I, bless your eyes,
Come along, or else let it alone:
A Balloon and a voyage are the rigs,
To night, at Vauxhall, vat a din;
And Molly, says I, please the pigs,
We'll see Mounseer and Ma'am Garnerin.

She demanded me vats a Balloon;
You fool, says I, every one knows;
'Tis a thing in the air, vere they'll soon
Find that Frenchmen build half their chateaus:
And for that that they calls Parachute,
This here is the meaning of that,
Ven a Christian's vone life does n't suit,
Vy, they risks the nine lives of a cat.

To Vauxhall then ve scroudg'd to be sure,
Lord 'twas charming to breathe the fresh air,
And for certain 'twas thought very pure;
For at least seven thousand vas there:
My vife got a curs'd broken shin,
So she vept; but says I, don't you chatter;
See, he's putting in Ma'am Garnerin,
And there's his inflammable matter.

In the air they begin for to dance,
Four on em vent up, and all fit o es;
Mounseer and his lady from France,
And the Cat, and the Gemman, two Britons:
Then the fidlers began for to play,
And the girls fell a hollabalooing;
The men they all fell to huzza,
And the Cat fell a squeeling and mewing.

Poor Puss in a grand Parachute,
Who was sent to sail down thro' the air,
Plump'd into a garden of fruit,
And play'd up old gooseberry there.
The Gard'ner, transpiring for fear,
Stared just like a hundred stuck hogs,
And swore, tho' the sky was quite clear,
'Twas beginning to rain Cats and Dogs.

Mounseer, who do'nt value his life,
In the Thames vou'd have just dip'd his vings,
If it vas'nt for vetting his vife,
For vomen are timbersome things.
So at Hamstead he landed her dry,
And after this dangerous sarvice,
He took a French leave of the sky,
And rode back to Vauxhall in a jarvis.

IRISH NARRATIVE OF STREET ROBBERY.

FROM NATURE.

Honey, lend us your ears, and a tale I'll recite,
About comical matters that happen'd last night.
Just at two in the morn, a friend had well met me,
So keeping my legs, faith, as well as they'd let me,

Safe and sound to Saint *Giles's* my carcase I brought,
And was trav'lling to bed, as a sober man ought;
When all of a sudden, faith, just like a stitch,
From a garret, or cellar, I can't well say which,
A grim-looking Thief, about six feet, or more,
Grip'd my throat in his fist, 'till the *joke* made me roar.
" Ah ! then, gay, tender lad (says I) what do you mean,
If you choak me, who knows but I'll die of the pain?"
Oh! honey, says he, let us do the thing quiet,
It's your money I want, and so do'nt breed a riot.
But keep the *King's Peace*, and surrender your cash,
Or each inch of your hide I'll contrive well to thrash.
So seeing how things stood in this evil hour,
And fearing hard blows would come down in a *show'r*,
So says I to myself, I don't like to be bang'd,
So I'll presently threaten this thief with being hang'd;
For may be he's simple and don't know the law,
And, by way of reward, I'll escape from his claw.
So says I, " Honest man, you'r a robber, I guess,
" And your neck will be stretch'd, faith, you can't expect less,
" For the Watch and the Justice, the Jury and Judge,
" Sheriff, Hangman, and Surgeon, all bear you a grudge;
" And, so my *heart's darling*, don't hazard their scoff,
" But if you *must* steal, Honey, *steal* yourself *off*."
Now who would suppose that for counsel so neat,
That this thief whack'd my body, my sides, and my pate?
By my soul but he did, 'till bee'n grievously hurt,
I begg'd leave to tumble quite *clean* in the *dirt*,
Where taking advantage of this my hard case,
My throttle he squeezed, until pale in the face,
I found my breath wasted, my strength quite decay'd,
And no man or mortal to come to my aid:
I resolv'd then to yield—so I loosen'd his fist,
And for mercy I roar'd, 'till I made him desist.
" Oh! says I, you curst thief, since the truth I must own,
Here, *take all I have*—for by J—s *I've none*."

High-street, St. Giles's, Sept. 28.

THE SPORTSMAN.

THE Spaniels, uncoupl'd, dash over the mead,
And in transport high frolicsome bound,
'Till check'd in their speed by the well-known " take heed,"
Obedient, they *quarter the ground.*

O'er the trees, yellow Autumn her mantle now flings,
And they eagerly enter the cover;
Up a Cock Pheasant springs, and th' echoing wood rings,
With " dead! dead, my boys! Come in here, Rover!"

The Sportsman pursues, over hill, over heath,
Each dingle, each thicket, keen tries;
'Till quite out of breath, and sated with death,
He's, *in turn, kill'd*, by CHLOE'S bright eyes. T.

THE LANGUAGE OF BIRDS.

Spoken Extempore to a Little Child.

DO you ask what the birds say? The sparrow, the dove,
The blackbird, and thrush, say—" I love, and I love."
In the winter they're silent, the wind is so strong—
What it says, I don't know; but it sings a loud song.
But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny warm weather,
And singing, and loving, all come back together.
" I love, and I love," almost all the birds say,
From sun-rise, to star-rise, so gladsome are they!
But the lark is so brimful, of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,

That

That he sings, and he sings, and for ever sings he—
"I love my love, and my love loves me!"
'Tis no wonder that he's full of joy to the brim,
When HE loves his LOVE, and his LOVE loves HIM!

ΕΣΤΗΣΕ.

THE INDIAN GIRL,

As she shot an Arrow.

The sense of the following Lines is literally the same as was expressed by a young Indian Woman; from a memorandum in her own words.

AH! now my Chief to battle go,
Dis token me will send;
Me wish it drive away de foe,
And be poor Rengo's friend!

My arrow fly thro' fields of light,
And cut de milk-white air;
Me wish it go where Rengo fight,
And tell him Zela's care!

She well remember when he find
Poor Zela's sister dear*;
He see her face! it please my mind,
And make me drop de tear!

Me tank HIM†, 'bove blue mountain top,
Dat send de bark and corn;
And bid de fire and great gun stop‡,
And make de hut so warm.

But since dat day me weep my fill,
For all him love me dearly!
Ah! much me fear de foe him kill,
And dat kill Zela nearly!

My arrow fly, and take him part,
Me fight too, if I dare:
But if it strike poor Rengo's heart,
Me tink it find me there.

Richmond, Sept. 16, 1802. ****.

A FAREWEL TO AN OLD HORSE,

Sold to an Itinerant Preacher.

POOR Jack; from thy old home, in this sad hour,
Howe'er reluctant, thou art doom'd to go;
Alas! poor boy, thou'rt in a stranger's pow'r,
And thy old stall thou never more must know.

Who now shall lead thee to the purling rill,
Who now the oats within thy manger spread,
Who now thy rack with sweetest hay shall fill,
And who for thee prepare the strawy bed.

Who now shall pick thy feet, and comb thy mane,
While shelter'd from the cold, in stable snug;
Or who thy empty'd rack shall fill again;
And who o'er thee shall fling the friendly rug.

Perhaps 'twill be thy lot (yet Heav'n forbid)
To stand neglected in some wretched shed;
With walls of plaster'd mud, or thorny kid,
And o'er the empty manger droop thy head.

Perhaps compell'd, thro' dirty lane thou'lt go,
A methodist thy master, call'd to preach;
No respite from thy daily toil thou'lt know,
But faint, each night, thy journey's end shalt reach.

Then stand, perhaps, half famish'd in a stall
Where winter's savage winds blow keen and chill;
While he to gaping auditors shall bawl,
Or by a chearful fire shall eat his fill.

* Rengo was of an opposite party; he gained admittance to Zela by bringing intelligence of her sister, who had been taken from her, and found by Rengo.
† Their Deity.
‡ Lightning and thunder.

But,

But, thou, perhaps, thy daily labour done,
Each night, some hospitable friend shall meet,
Whose smiling family shall round thee run,
And both thy master and thyself shall greet.

Some to the stable thee shall gently lead,
And some thy master to the parlour fire,
Where he of fasts may talk, on dainties feed,
And thou shalt have whate'er thou can'st desire.

Some with officious haste thy food shall fetch,
And some the litter shake up to thy knees;
Where unmolested thou thy limbs may'st stretch,
And, while thy master's preaching, lie at ease.

But all uncertain this; yet hark my boy,
Whate'er in life thy future lot may be,
Thou'lt never sink beneath the weight of joy,
Or rise beyond the grasp of misery.

Farewel, poor Jack! yet once again farewel;
Till, at one gasp, thy life and labours o'er,
Thy master's faithful drudge, thou'lt ne'er rebel,
But do thy duty—he can do no more.

TO THE

MEMORY OF A GAME COCK,

Driven overboard at Sea by a Fox-Dog, and drowned.

NOW sable night, with solemn step hath pass'd,
The rising sun now gilds the spacious main,
And thro' the purply portals of the east
Smiles jocund on the cabin's shining pane.

The tar-smear'd pigs discordant squeakings raise,
The ducks loquacious quack for daily corn;
The meek-ey'd sheep begin their bleating lays,
And, gabbling geese, and turkies, hail the morn.

No more with voice superior to this noise,
Melodious Chanticleer is heard to crow!
No more, alas! his matin notes shall rise,
To wake the sleeping passengers below.

When boist'rous gales warr'd with the swelling deep,
And the vex'd canvas flapp'd the yards along,
Wak'd from the downy arms of tranquil sleep,
I often listen'd to his morning song.

Oft with delighted look, I mark'd by day,
His coral-crested neck, and mien so proud,
Near the barr'd coops beheld his wanton play,
And heard him call his *prison'd wives* aloud.

No faithless cords his trusty feet beguil'd,
No billow swept him from his roosting tree;
A furious yelping cur, with frenzy wild,
Drove him impetuous in the foaming sea.

Ah! Fox of yore, so placid and so brave,
What dæmon urg'd thee to the barb'rous deed?
Can high-born dogs like mongrel curs behave?
And reigns such fury in thy gen'rous breed?

Now active fancy brings him to my eyes,
Gaily he flutters on his liquid grave;
There floats elate, and as the vessel flies,
I see his head o'ertop the furrow'd wave.

But if our sails had swell'd with zephyrs bland,
And the wide ocean with less anger wav'd,
The ready boats had chearfully been mann'd,
And willing sailors my sweet bird had sav'd.